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NUMBER 160

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO PHOTO-PLAYS
AND PLAYERS

RUTH STONEHOUSE

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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

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"X-3"

(Big U Film)

Scenario by James Dayton *Produced by Jay Hunt*

By FREDERICK R. DENTON

Cast of Characters:

Henshaw........Murdock MacQuarrie
Ethel Gordon.........Edythe Sterling
Andre Cuneo.............Jack Nelson
John Gordon...........Walter Rogers

"SEE here, Henshaw," remarked Chief of the Secret Service White to the oldest operator on the force. "I've got word from Naples that Andre Cuneo is aboard the liner King Humbert, and I want you to get him."

"Counterfeiter, I believe?" queried the old detective.

"The most expert in the business," declared the chief. "He has been here before and caused us a great deal of trouble. His photo is No. 9999 in the Rogues' Gallery, and his finger-prints are on page 23 in the book of records. Study both up a bit. They may be useful."

"Who are his friends in this country?" demanded the officer.

"Ever hear of Jim Bryson?"

"Oh, yes. Leader of a gang of crooks over on Water street. I think most of his pals are Italians. When is the Humbert due?"

"This evening. If you get Cuneo, bring him down to the Barge Office. I want to see him deported unless you happen to collar him with a criminal charge so we can send him up the river."

"I understand," said Henshaw, with a brief nod.

He put on his hat and departed for the river. When he reached the Italian line pier the steamer was coming into the dock, and he posted himself near a bulkhead, where he could get a good view of all the passengers.

And as his glance roved over the sea of faces crowding the steerage deck, he caught a momentary view of a dark, sinister pair of eyes peering down at him.

"Cuneo!" he muttered, recognizing the features by the photograph. "Why,

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I've met him before, and he knows me."

The Italian criminal vanished in the crowd, and when Henshaw went to look for him, one of the stewards informed him:

"Why, that fellow went over the side of the vessel into a rowboat just as we warped into the pier. Some friends took him off."

The detective scowled with mortification. He realized that the wily crook had scented danger and had cleverly baffled him. Very much disgusted he made his way back to the office, and the chief looked at him expectantly.

The policeman wrote her testimony in his notebook

"Did you get Cuneo?" he asked.

"No. He saw me and probably recognized an enemy. Some friends brought a rowboat to the side of the ship and he made his escape. I came back to see if you could tell me where he used to hang out."

"Aw—you make me tired!" growled the chief disappointedly. "Say—what sort of a detective do you call yourself, allowing a crook to slip you that way? I'm disgusted with you, Henshaw. I guess you had better lay off for a week without pay. Perhaps it will sharpen up your wits a bit."

"Couldn't help it," grumbled the detective.

He left in a huff, nettled over his suspension.

As he went up Eleventh avenue he met a Moving Picture actor named Frank Hilton coming out of the Imp studio. He was a clean-cut, intelligent young fellow with a pleasant manner.

"Hello, Henshaw!" he called. "Why so glum?"

"Just had a run-in with the boss," answered the detective. Then he gave the actor a searching glance and added: "You don't look any too happy yourself, Frank. Has anything happened to you?"

"I'm afraid I am going to lose my girl," answered the actor.

"You mean that Ethel Gordon you have been calling on?"

"Yes, the bank-teller's daughter. John Gordon doesn't think a Moving Picture actor is good enough to associate with his girl, and has requested me to keep away from his house. It's got me worried. I love the young lady and expected to ask her to marry me. What would you do about it, Henshaw?"

"Well, if I loved the girl," answered the detective thoughtfully, "I would marry her in spite of the old man, if she cared for me. Why don't you go up to her house and have it out with the old fellow?"

"By Jove, I will follow your advice."

Hilton parted with the detective on the corner, and set out for the home of the young lady of his choice.

A maid ushered him into the parlor, but instead of Ethel making her appearance, her father received the visiting card and stepped into the room.

"Mr. Hilton," he began in domineering tones, "I have told you that I do not want you to call on my daughter, and want you to obey me, sir."

"Why shouldn't I wait upon her?" demanded Frank heatedly. "I have a good moral character, come of a good family, have money in the bank, and am making as good an income as you are. Your daughter cares for me, and I am devoted to her."

"I shall never allow my child to marry an actor."

"Nonsense! My profession is as good as yours."

"I don't want any arguments from you, sir," shouted Gordon angrily. "This is my house, and I want you to get out of it. If you don't go like a gentleman, I will kick you out!"

At that instant Ethel came into the room unobserved, behind their backs. She was a very pretty girl, with big, soft brown eyes and dark hair. Of a very nervous temperament, she suddenly paused upon hearing their angry tones and shrank back against the portières.

Frank Hilton became offended at the autocratic bearing of the bank-teller and, facing him with an angry expression, he shouted back defiantly:

"Don't you attempt it, or I will kill you!"

The two men glared at each other an instant, all their bad passions aroused. Then Gordon began to weaken as he read in Hilton's eyes the fury his insulting words had aroused.

He walked over to the door, flung it open, and pointed to the street.

"Now, clear out of here!" he exclaimed. "If you don't, I will call in the police, and have you forcibly expelled."

"I will not go until I have a talk with your daughter."

"You won't, eh? Well, we shall see."

Two policemen were passing, and he called them in.

"That man is an intruder here," he said, pointing at the actor. "I want you to arrest him if he does not get out of my house."

One of the officers drew Frank aside.

"You had better do as he says, young fellow," he said kindly. "You look like a decent chap. We don't want to pull you in."

"All right," said Frank to Gordon. "I'll go now, as I don't care to get arrested. But you mark what I tell you—I will see Ethel in spite of you."

He left the house, and Gordon gazed nervously after him, then went in and joined Ethel, who had come into the room and sunk into a chair very much overcome by the scene she had partly witnessed.

"What was the trouble?" asked one of the policemen, taking out his notebook. "We may have to make a report of this, Mr. Gordon."

"I don't want him paying attentions to my daughter, and told him so. He got mad and threatened to murder me."

"Gee! That's serious."

"Didn't you hear him threaten me?" asked Gordon of his daughter.

"Yes," she assented reluctantly.

The policeman wrote her testimony in his notebook.

"If any violence is ever attempted against me," said Gordon to the officer, "I want you to bear that actor's threat in mind. Will you?"

"I sure will," assented the policeman, and the pair departed.

Ethel Gordon was almost heartbroken, for she loved Frank Hilton, but she feared her father, and concealed her grief from him during the weeks that followed. The young actor did not come near her.

One evening after she had gone out to post a letter to him, her father was alone in the house reading a newspaper in the library, when a deep voice behind him suddenly exclaimed:

"X-3!"

With a startled exclamation Gordon sprang to his feet, and whirling around he was confronted by Andre Cuneo and Jim Bryson. His face turned as pale as death and he staggered back, gasping hoarsely:

"How did you get in?"

"The door was open and we walked in," answered Bryson.

"What brings you here?" demanded the bank-teller apprehensively.

"I'll tell you," answered Bryson in cold, sneering tones. "As you are aware, Andre and I are the head of a which you can square yourself with the gang, and that is to resume your old job of passing the queer for us. This is the stuff!"

He slapped a counterfeit bill down on the library table.

"I won't do it!" flashed Gordon obstinately. "I am sick and tired of leading a double life. I've given it up for good."

"All right. Then we will expose your former transactions to the police."

"What!" almost yelled the startled man.

Cuneo pulled the detective's revolver from his hip pocket

gang of phoney money makers. It had been our custom to put the counterfeits into circulation through you. It was your custom to pass the money on the bank's customers. But you made your pile and quit us. Said you were going to reform. Remember it?"

Gordon glanced around with a frightened air and nodded.

"Since you deserted us," Bryson went on, "we have been unable to pass the stuff, and we have sworn vengeance against you. There is only one way in

"I mean exactly what I have threatened," said Bryson coolly. "Either you will come back and work for the gang or we will show the police how you gathered the fortune you are living on. They will send you up for ten years on our testimony."

A red haze seemed to suddenly swim before John Gordon's eyes. The horrible fear of a life in jail maddened him. The dread of exposure and everlasting disgrace almost froze the blood in his veins.

He ripped out a curse, and gripped Bryson by the throat. Then Cuneo began to rave in Italian, and a fearful struggle ensued. The furniture was overturned and smashed. Then Gordon lost his head completely, and drew a gun. In the scuffle there sounded a loud report.

Gordon fell dead.

The two counterfeiters made their escape.

When Ethel returned she found her father a corpse, and her wild shrieks brought in the neighbors and the police. They were the same officers whom her father had summoned, and the moment they saw the corpse one of them said:

"I see the actor got him, as he threatened!"

"No, no!" screamed Ethel. "Frank Hilton never did this."

"We'll see," was the significant rejoinder.

The police went to the Moving Picture studio and arrested Hilton.

When Henshaw, the detective, read an account of the murder in the paper, he hastened to Ethel Gordon's home, and met the girl.

"I am a friend of Hilton's," he explained, and as I am in the Secret Service, I would like to know all the facts of this case."

Edith was in tears, but his words had a magical effect. She brightened up wonderfully and, grasping his arm, she cried pleadingly:

"Oh, won't you please help poor Frank? I know he is not guilty. If I thought that he had murdered my father do you think I would beg of you to try to save him?"

Pointing at the candle, the Italian exclaimed, "Now you die!"

"But he threatened to kill your father, according to your own testimony."

"Yes, yes, I know. But that was only said in a sudden fit of anger. He did not mean it, I am sure. People say lots of things they don't mean when they get mad, you know. Frank is a good, kind-hearted fellow, and was utterly incapable of committing such an atrocious deed."

"Oh, I know him intimately and quite agree with you. It was my skepticism of his guilt that brought me here. Now tell me all you know about the matter, and if there is any way to prove his innocence I will do it. Tell me about his row with your father."

Ethel thereupon detailed all she knew about the matter.

When she finished, the detective asked her:

"Did your father have any enemies that you know of?"

"No. He was respected by everybody."

"Was anything stolen when he was killed?"

"Not a thing. If a thief did the crime, why did he overlook this?"

She pointed at the counterfeit bill which Bryson had slapped down on the library table, and the detective picked up the spurious banknote and glanced at it casually. Then his experienced eyes noted the fact that it was not only a clever counterfeit, but he also saw that it was freshly made. Instantly his magnifying glass was focused upon the bill, and he saw a thumb-print made on the undried ink in one corner. It was the only finger mark on the bill.

"How did this come here?" he asked the young lady.

"I do not know. It was on the table when I came in and found my poor father lying there dead. Why do you ask?"

"The bill is a counterfeit."

He questioned the girl further, made a close examination of the room, quizzed the servants, and finally went away to headquarters. There he compared the thumb mark on the bill with the register of similar finger-prints made by different criminals. An expert assisted him. Finally the expert said:

"Here is a facsimile," and he pointed at the imprint in the book.

"Jim Bryson, counterfeiter," read Henshaw under the mark. There was also a police record of the man, and the detective added, "I know him. I'll see Jim and find out what he knows about this bill being in the murdered man's room."

Aware that Bryson associated with a tough gang in the Water street rendezvous, Henshaw made his way to the place as quickly as possible.

"The chief has laid me off on that

counterfeiting case," he mused, "but I'll follow this clue on my own account, and I have a suspicion that it may lead me straight to Andre Cuneo. The officers put on the case after me fell down. If I can land the crook, it will make me solid with the chief again."

The house occupied by the crooks was a dilapidated old structure. He stole into the hall, descended a flight of dirty stairs. But the rooms were empty, and a janitor told him the place was untenanted.

With his ardor dampened somewhat the detective left the place, and as he turned a corner he was thrilled to see the very man he was looking for. Bryson was walking along the opposite side of the street. Henshaw at once began to shadow him. The crook sauntered along, keeping a wary eye about to see if the police were after him, but he did not notice the detective until he had led Henshaw to a building in Mott street, where the gang had moved. It was then too late to throw the officer off the trail, and the crook darted inside, pretending not to have observed the detective watching him.

Unsuspicious of the fact that he was betrayed, Henshaw stealthily followed the crook into the building, and saw him go down into the basement. There was a dark hallway below with an ashcan standing beside the staircase, and a door leading into the counterfeiters' den at the foot of the steps.

"I've got him located, but I'll have to go slow," the detective muttered. "I wonder if I could hire a room in this house of the agent?"

A bill on the house gave him the address of the real estate broker who had charge of the premises, and the officer secured a room from him. He then went back to the rookery, and as he passed into the hall he noticed that a telephone wire ran down to the den below. The detective hurried away and finally returned with implements to tap the wire. This was done so adroitly that no one would have noticed it. Then he carried a branch line into his room where he had a telephone installed. The officer then spent a large part of his time listening at the receiver.

He had seen by the papers that Frank Hilton had been indicted for the murder of John Gordon. The police were so satisfied that he was the culprit that they had abandoned all further attempts to locate any other person as the criminal. Every bit of evidence seemed to point to Hilton as the man with a motive for murdering the bank-teller.

On the day after Frank was remanded to jail the detective was at the wire in his room when he heard an unmistakably Italian voice say:

"Is-a dat-a you, Bryson?"

"What do you want, Cuneo?" came the answer in Bryson's voice.

"We just-a mak-a some new stuff, signor. Com-a right over, an' I show-a you de bills. Per bacco! Dey is-a fine!"

"Shut up, you fool. Some one may hear you!" snarled Bryson, and he rang off. A broad smile illuminated the detective's face. He waited until the wire was safe, and then called up his chief.

"I've got the man you want located," he said hurriedly. "Send over a platoon to No. — Mott street without delay and we will scoop in the whole outfit. Hurry—hurry! I am going to reconnoiter now."

He hung up the receiver and went downstairs and listened at the door of the counterfeiters' den. Unfortunately Bryson just then arrived on the scene, and crept up silently behind him. With a tigerish spring he landed on Henshaw and pinioned his arms behind his back.

"Cuneo! Come—quick!" he yelled, as the officer fiercely struggled to liberate himself. "I've got a fly cop!"

The door flew open and out rushed the Italian and three men.

Cuneo pulled the detective's revolver from his hip pocket, and the rest dragged him into their den, slammed the door shut, and securely bolted it.

"I knew you were after us," sneered Bryson. "You won't do us any more damage if I can prevent it, Henshaw. We are going to fix you for keeps."

They dragged the bound and helpless man into a squalid little room adjoining their counterfeiting plant, and one of the men lit a candle. By its dim light the officer saw a trap door in the floor, and a peculiar mechanical contrivance of ropes and pulleys against one of the walls. He was tied to an upright board, against the wall, directly over the trap. Cuneo arranged the ropes across the floor and set the candle down beneath it in such a way that the flame began to burn the hemp.

Pointing at the candle the Italian exclaimed, "Now you die!"

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the detective uneasily.

"When the candle burns through the rope it will release a bolt," Bryson explained sardonically. "That will throw down the trap from beneath your feet, and you will go plunging down into the sewer to your doom. If you don't break your neck, or drown, the rats will get you."

Fearing that Henshaw's visit portended a raid, the gang packed up their belongings in the adjoining room, intending to flee. But the police arrived and burst in the door. There was a brief fight. Overcome by superior numbers, the whole gang was captured and taken away in the patrol wagon. None of them said a word about Henshaw.

It was not long after they left the detective alone that the candle burned through the rope. Then there sounded a sudden snap as the strands flew apart. A rattling noise came up from under the floor, the pulleys began to creak, and the trap suddenly dropped from under his feet. He felt himself plunging down into Stygian darkness, and instinctively flung out his hands to save himself. His fingers clutched the edge of the trap for an instant, but the weight of his body tore his insecure hold loose, and he felt himself swiftly falling into a dark, deep abyss. When he struck bottom, there was a splash of water, for there had been an unusually high tide which had backed up into the sewers. The sudden, powerful wrench had torn his bonds asunder, and he sank under the water, only to rise with the use of his hands. He was an excellent swimmer, and although he was cut and bruised from his fall against the brick lining of the sewer, he managed to retain his faculties and keep himself afloat. It was as black as ink in the malodorous place, but Henshaw felt the current carrying him, and allowed himself to go with it.

After what seemed hours he suddenly found himself projected from the mouth of the sewer into the East river. To ascend the nearest piles to the pier was an easy task, and a taxi carried

him to headquarters. There he arrived just as the counterfeiters were being lined up before the chief. A few brief words explained what occurred to him, and he pointed at Bryson and Cuneo.

"There stand the murderers of John Gordon!" he cried. "And here is the proof that they murdered him."

He produced the counterfeit bill with the tell-tale thumb-print and explained the matter to the chief. The prisoners were locked up. They afterward broke down and confessed when subjected to the third degree, and in due time were punished as they deserved.

Frank Hilton was honorably discharged from custody, and there was a happy reunion between him and Ethel Gordon, who had never lost faith in his innocence. And when all were gone the chief turned a smiling face upon the detective, grasped his hand warmly and said:

"I think you had better get back on the job, old man. You have redeemed yourself most nobly."

"Glad to hear it!" grinned Henshaw.

The Tricksters

(Kalem Film)

Scenario by Otto Hoffmann *Produced by R. E. Cummings*

By LEONA RADNOR

Cast of Characters:

Marguerite........Marguerite Courtot
Tom Bailey........Roland Bottomley
Peter Enright.........Richard Purdon
Frank Whitney...........Robert Ellis

FRANK WHITNEY flung down his cards in disgust.

"I'm a fool to play with you, Holden," he said. "I've never won a game yet."

The other two young members of the club, who made up the party of four around the card table, laughed at Frank's gloomy countenance.

"It's nothing to laugh at," he snapped. "If my father knew what I had lost here, there would be trouble for me."

"Well, are you prepared to pay what you owe me without letting your father know?" coldly queried Holden.

"I'll give you an I O U for to-day," evaded Frank.

"I'd like to see some real money," hinted Holden, slowly drawing a bill-fold from his pocket. "I have here quite a sheaf of your I O U's. When do you intend to take them up?"

Frank looked at the slips of paper in hopeless misery. "I can't take any of them up to-day," he said. "I'm broke."

"You'll have to get money somewhere, or I'll go to your father with these," Holden threatened.

Frank's face became pallid. "I'll try to get some," he said, with an attempt at defiance, "but you needn't try bullying me. I won't stand for it."

He started for the door and Jerry Holden watched him with a malicious smile on his thin, sharp-nosed face.

"I want a thousand now," said the latter, incisively, "and the rest as soon as you can manage it."

Frank rushed headlong down the stairs of the clubhouse and into the reading-room. He had not the remotest idea how his gambling debts were to be paid, and the thought of his father's discovering this evidence of vicious weakness put his mind in a state of panic. He had already had too many stormy interviews with the old man, and he realized that the last warning had had a final note in it. As his desperate eyes roved over the reading-room, they rested with a new thought on Thomas Bailey. Thomas was not a particular friend of Frank—he was too strong of principle, too far-seeing and sensible to be Frank's choice for a friend. Also, he was Frank's rival for the hand of Marguerite, and the preference of the young and beautiful heiress was not a conundrum. Frank had a bitter memory of the previous evening when he had proposed and had been rejected in a manner that precluded any renewal of his suit.

But, however antipathetic Bailey might be to him, the composure of the young man as he sat reading gave rise to the new thought. Bailey was never in debt, and it was in recalling this fact that Frank swallowed his pride and strolled over to him.

"Hello, Tom!" he greeted him affably.

"Hello, Frank!" responded Tom, putting down his magazine. "How are you?"

"Pretty rotten. I've been playing with Holden and I've lost again."

"Bad business," commented Tom. "It takes a sharp to play with Holden. No one stands a chance with him. I should think you would know that by this time."

"Well, you see, Tom, I've been trying to get back what I'd lost to him. I see now that it's no use, and I'm in a devil of a hole. He has a bunch of my I O U's and he demands one thousand dollars right away. I don't know where to turn for it. You couldn't lend it to me, could you?"

"Won't less satisfy him?" asked Tom, taking a pocketbook from his coat and counting out a handful of large bills.

"No, nothing less than a 'thou' will satisfy him," answered Frank.

Tom put back the bills and drew out a check-book. "I hate to give it to you for that purpose," he said, "but I'm more than willing to help a chap out of a hole."

He made out a check for one thousand dollars payable to bearer and gave it to Frank.

"Oh, thanks! It's awfully decent of you, Tom. The beast had me worried," said Frank, his spirits on the upward rise.

He rushed upstairs and found Holden

alone. "Well, here is the 'thou,'" he cried.

Holden fingered the check thoughtfully. "Bailey gave you this," he mused, his small eyes dwelling on Frank's in deep speculation.

"Well, it's all right, isn't it?" asked Frank nervously.

"Yes, oh, yes!" Holden replied, "but I was thinking. Do you know, I've got a plan for you to win the heiress you're after. Bailey is your obstacle. We can get rid of him and fix it up so that you can marry her."

"You're joking!" gasped Frank, astounded at the man's calm audacity.

"No, I'm not joking. Listen. Bailey and a lot of the boys are to take part in the amateur theatricals that Marguerite got up. They are going to have a dress rehearsal to-morrow morning at the hall. Oh, I forgot—of course, you know all about it—you're to play the bridegroom, aren't you? I'll fix it up with some fellows I know to catch Bailey on the way to the rehearsal. They'll tie him up and keep him out of the way, and with this check I'll make Marguerite believe that he has been gambling and is in with a bad crowd, and—well, there's a lot more, but you leave the details to me."

Indignantly, Frank turned on him. "Why, you confounded liar and cad! I'll have nothing to do with your dirty plan!" he exclaimed.

"You won't? Do you suppose I'm doing this out of love for you, you fool? I want my money—several thousand, you remember. You marry the heiress and pay your debts. If you don't, I'll go to your father," said Holden.

"Give me time and I'll pay you, all right, but I'll not lend myself to any such low-down scheme," Frank declared.

Holden took the sheaf of promissory notes from his pocket and flourished them before Frank's eyes.

"There is only one way for you to pay these, and I know it. You can't do it out of your allowance—you will have to marry. Or would you prefer that I go to your father?" sneeringly asked Holden.

Frank shuddered. That would be the end for him, he knew.

"All right, I suppose I've got to give in," he conceded miserably.

Holden pocketed the notes and smiled triumphantly. Schemes and trickery were the savor of life to him. Frank Whitney had now committed himself, and Holden unfolded the plan, meeting protests and beating them down with the ever-recurring threat that he found the one effectual lash.

The next morning, having made sure that Frank had gone to the hall to attend the rehearsal, Holden lay in wait for Tom. From behind a large tree he saw Tom leave his house and, laden with suitcase and parcels, come hurrying down the street. Holden stepped out from his place of concealment and went to meet him.

"Hello, Tom," he called. "On your way to the hall, I suppose. I've seen about everyone I know going there."

"I'm afraid I'm late," panted Tom, starting off afresh with his load.

"We wouldn't make anything by doing that," protested Tom, "because of the rough walking."

"Oh, yes, we'll save quite a bit of time," Holden assured him.

He led the way and Tom followed. They had to pass a group of dilapidated buildings, picking their way carefully over a sagging and broken boardwalk. So intent was Tom on avoiding a misstep that he did not notice the quiet and sudden sortie of three men from a shed. The first realization he had of their presence was when an arm was thrown about his neck from behind, throttling him and making it easy for a second assailant to bind his arms and drag him to the shed. The third man had seemingly subdued Holden without much effort. Tom was gagged and bound to a pole that braced the shaky wall of the building.

The third man had seemingly subdued Holden without much effort

"Better let me carry that suitcase," offered Holden.

"Thanks; I never was good at handling an armful of parcels."

"We'd better cut across lots here," suggested Holden, as they came to the mouth of an alley.

While the two men were busy with this task, Holden wrenched himself free from his captor and rushed from the shed. To Tom's surprise, the man did not pursue him, but, instead, started a fire in a box on which stood a large can.

"All ready, Jim?" called the fellow. "Come on and beat it. This gasoline won't need much more coaxing."

"Come on"—and the three ruffians fled slinkingly toward the railroad station.

Tom struggled with the rope that bound him, the while he turned terrified eyes on the growing fire under the can. He felt the rope give and he worked more fiercely, throwing the weight of his strong young body from side to side. At last a poorly tied knot gave, then another, and, working feverishly, Tom managed to release himself from the pole. But the effort had been so great that, try as he would, he could but stagger from beneath the sagging roof. Haste was impossible with his legs nerveless and bending under him weakly, with his breath coming in gasps and his brain clouded

"Now you can see for yourself that he is only after your money"

and throbbing an echo to the pounding of his heart. He grasped at a beam propped outside against one of the boards that still remained on that side of the ruin as remnants of a former wall. As his hands touched it, there came a deafening explosion. Tom threw up his arms, then fell to the ground, his last thought being that the heavens with all their stars were piling on top of him.

* * * * * *

At the hall, the stage had been set, the principals were dressed for their parts and awaited the arrival of Thomas Bailey to begin the rehearsal. Marguerite, attired as a bride, was distractingly lovely. As the moments went by, she grew nervous. An uneasy light appeared in her beautiful blue eyes.

"I cannot understand it," she said; "Tom is always so punctual."

"Why wait any longer for him?" inquired Peter Enright, Marguerite's venerable guardian. "I never did share your faith in that young man and it doesn't surprise me in the least to find him failing you."

"Well, how is the rehearsal going?" asked a rich and cheerful voice.

"Ah, Doctor Morton!" exclaimed Mr. Enright. "Very glad to see you, sir. We were not expecting to see a real minister, but we are held up on account of the tardiness of the young man who was to play the minister. It is very annoying."

"Here he is now, perhaps," said Doctor Morton, as someone hurriedly entered through the stage-door.

"Why, no; that's Mr. Holden," Marguerite informed him.

Holden came direct to Marguerite and her guardian. He gave one keen, sidewise glance at Frank Whitney, which was received with a shiver and a mute appeal. Holden was somewhat disheveled in appearance, and his clothes were marked with dust.

"I thought I ought to come and tell you," he began, "that Tom Bailey hired thugs to attack me."

"What!" exclaimed Marguerite. "Tom Bailey! Oh, no; you have made a mistake. What reason could he have for such an action?"

"He wanted to get back this check that he gave me in payment of gambling debts," glibly explained Holden.

The check was examined amid the exclamations of all except Frank Whitney. His face was a sickly white, and he pressed a trembling hand on Holden's arm.

"Brace up!" whispered the latter. "It is working fine."

Marguerite was stunned. She sank into a chair and looked piteously up into her guardian's face. "It can't be true!" she declared. "I don't believe he gambles, and I know he wouldn't commit a crime!"

"But here is Mr. Holden just escaped from the attack; here is the check as proof of the gambling; but where is Tom Bailey? You know I opposed your receiving attentions from him, Marguerite. I suspected his designs. Now you can see for yourself that he is only after your money."

Marguerite burst into tears. Mr. Enright took her in his arms and, while making futile efforts to soothe her, appealed to her pride.

"Don't give way like this, my dear," he pleaded. "Remember who you are. This fortune-hunter was not worthy of you. He has deceived you and blinded you to the good qualities of others. Take young Whitney now. He would be my choice. He is madly in love with you. And where could you find a handsomer and better-mannered young man? Show some spirit, my dear. Don't let everyone

think you could throw yourself away on a worthless man."

"I suppose you are right," whispered Marguerite, wiping away her tears. "As you wish it, and it doesn't matter to me any more, I'll accept Frank Whitney."

Mr. Enright delightedly beckoned to Frank. As he reached her side, Marguerite turned to him and extended her hand.

"If you are still of the same mind as last night," she said, "I will accept your proposal."

"I am still and always will be of the same mind," he answered with an earnestness that was not forced. He felt that if he had not been obliged to think of matrimony in a mercenary light, he could have loved Marguerite with his whole heart and soul.

"Then I will marry you," she said.

"Good!" applauded her guardian. "Now things are more as they should be. See here! I've an idea. As the rehearsal has been spoiled, why not make a reality of the scene? We have a minister of the gospel here—why not get married here and now?"

"Oh, yes, do!" "How lovely!" "That would be great!" came from all sides.

Smiling wanly, Marguerite looked about her. "Very well, I would just as soon," she consented.

Her guardian kissed her, then lost no time in persuading Doctor Morton to perform the ceremony. The amateur actors and actresses fluttered excitedly to the benches in the stage set, Doctor Morton took up his position on the platform and Mr. Enright led Marguerite to him. Frank stood beside her and Holden pressed close to him with whispered congratulations.

Marguerite, pale and exquisite beneath her filmy bridal veil, listened to the minister's words in a daze. A voice within her heart repeated incessantly, "It isn't true—it is only a dream."

But still the reading went on. Dully she obeyed the injunction to place her hand in Frank's. She felt a tremor pass through it as he made his responses, but hers remained quiet and icy cold. Doctor Morton raised his voice in the challenge to those present to speak or forever hold their peace. In the momentary silence that followed, a noise was heard at the door, as though someone fumbled awkwardly with the knob.

Doctor Morton resumed. "Then I pronounce you"—the door swung open and Tom, his clothes torn, his face blackened and bleeding, staggered in. His glance swept the group at the platform, and in a flash he understood.

"Of course he did," put in Holden; "it was his idea."

"You liar!" Frank cried. Then to Mr. Enright: "No, it was not my idea—please believe me! But I was weak enough, when he threatened me, to consent to it."

"This is a terrible thing, young man,"

With one arm about Marguerite, Tom told of his terrifying experience

"Stop!" he cried wildly. Then, seeing Holden cowering behind Frank in an attempt to conceal himself, he addressed him in anger and contempt. "This is your doing, Holden," he said.

Marguerite had flung Frank's hand from her, and now she rushed to Tom.

"Oh, I knew something must have happened to you!" she sobbed.

With one arm about Marguerite, Tom told of his terrifying experience.

"The fellows who helped the police to dig me out from the débris," he concluded, "were the ruffians that had done the job. But they evidently had a change of heart and they confessed to the police that Jerry Holden had hired them."

"But, Frank," stammered old Mr. Enright, "surely you knew nothing of this!"

said Mr. Enright, with great severity. "I don't know what will come of it. Tom, what do you intend to do—going to prosecute these men?"

Tom, behind the platform with Marguerite in his arms, had no room in his heart for vengeful thoughts.

"Oh! let them go and fight out their quarrel between them," he replied.

He Understudied a Torpedo

Charles Richman, who played the lead in the Vitagraph drama, "Colton, U. S. N.," had the most thrilling experience of his career while the company was at Newport, Rhode Island. The script called for the shooting of Mr. Richman from the torpedo tube of a submerged submarine. He insisted on carrying out the scene to the letter and came off safe and sound.

His Return

(Rex Film)

Scenario by Helen Bailey *Produced by Cleo Madison*

By LULIETTE BRYANT

Cast of Characters:

Bill	Jack Bryce
Mary, his wife	Mae Gaston
Loraine	Raymond Russell
His mother	Helen Wright

"GOT any more coffee for me, Mary?"

The woman put down the paper hastily, and gave her husband an apologetic smile as she passed a cup of coffee across the table to him. It was a well-set, dainty table. Bill was a "good provider" and Mary was a good housekeeper. The little home had comfort, beauty, all that a woman could wish for, except—.

It was the exception that had brought the lines of pathetic wistfulness to Mary's face, the tinge of tragedy to her dark eyes. Bill, big, burly, busy Bill, did not mind so much. Teams and trucks occupied most of his daylight hours. In the evening it was a pleasure to settle down by the fire and read the evening paper while Mary worked at her mending or embroidery. He was quite satisfied with things as they were. For, while a man mourns with much bitterness for the child he has lost, there are few of them who mourn for the children they have never had.

So, when Mary turned again from the coffee pot to the newspaper, studying it with wistful eagerness, he asked carelessly:

He went forward instantly, to speak to the infuriated man

"Anything new in the paper?"

"There's a long story about a little girl who was found on the doorsteps of the asylum. Somebody has adopted her. And Helen Gould Shepard has adopted a darling little boy—see his picture. And another wealthy New York family has adopted three children! Isn't it just splendid of them?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's no effort for folks like them to take a child. They can hire nurses and governesses and tutors. If they had to have the youngsters around under foot every minute I reckon it would look different to them."

He glanced at the clock and sprang up with a surprised exclamation. "Didn't know it was getting so late. 'Bye. I'll be home early and we'll go to a Movie."

She smiled faintly, but the smile died the instant his back was turned. She picked up the paper again, studying the pictured face of the little child who had been left at the asylum. "If some one would leave one here!" she sighed. "Bill will never listen to me, but if one was just thrust upon us I know he would get interested in it and let me keep it!"

She turned the pages of the paper unseeingly. Her mind was full of the thought of a little child. A child to run about the floor while she worked—"underfoot," as Bill would say. A child to sit in a high-chair between them, to tuck into bed at night, to waken and cry for mother! Her face as she sat there took on the brooding tenderness of a Madonna. And then, suddenly, a few words detached themselves from the jumble of the printed page and she stared at them for a moment, wonderingly.

"Wanted—A woman who will pose as a mother," she whispered. "That fits me. But I'm silly. Of course it is only an artist who wants a model, and why should I pose for anybody? Bill wouldn't let me."

But all the morning the printed words lingered in her mind. She tidied the house, did a bit of mending, made a few preparations for dinner. At last

she put on her hat and coat and walked rapidly down the street, to the address in the advertisement.

"It can't do any harm to see what it is," she told herself.

"Aw, gimme a chance! Have a heart!" she heard a shrill voice saying, as she pushed open the door of the studio in reply to the "come in" that had answered her timid knock.

"Beat it, little one, and forget it," a man's voice answered, good-naturedly. "You may need the money, and if I wanted to do a character study of a female cyclone in skirts I'd be glad to employ you. But you look about as much like a Madonna as—ah, I beg your pardon, madam," he broke off his jesting speech and turned to Mary eagerly. "I did not see you. Will you sit down? That's all for you, Connie, so run along."

"Connie," vividly dark of eyes, yellow of hair, pink-and-white of complexion, ran along, throwing back a resentful glance over her shoulder. "That's all right! Wait till you get in a tight place for a model some time, and you'll wish you'd treated me right," she pouted, and the door slammed spitefully.

"Models of that type are to be had for the asking," the artist laughed, answering Mary's unspoken question. "But the type I wish for this particular picture is rare. Do I dare to hope that you might be willing to pose for me, madam?"

"I hardly know," stammered Mary. "I saw the advertisement, and I kept thinking about it. I know my husband would not allow it, if he knew, but—would I have a real baby to hold while you painted, or only a doll?"

Something in the strained wistfulness of her face, the eager longing in her tone, sent a gleam of understanding to the artist's heart.

"A real baby," he said, gently. "My dead sister's child. It is partly because I wish to do the baby's portrait that I am attempting this work. Your face is just what I want, if you can take the pose correctly—in other words, if you can make yourself be the baby's mother while I paint you. Do you see what I mean? You must have the feeling, adapt yourself to the part, as it were."

"I could do that," she breathed. "I'd so love to hold a baby. I wouldn't get tired, I know. Is the baby here now?"

For answer, he pulled aside the portières which divided the huge room into two parts. There, in a low chair, sat a sweet-faced old woman, rocking a babe which nestled against her bosom in sleepy contentment.

"Perfect!" was the artist's exclamation. He looked at Mary's tailored suit and quiet, becoming hat, and hesitated. He was quite sure that this woman was not of the usual type who came to him for work. Did she need money badly? And would she object to posing for long hours every day? He spoke rather diffidently.

. . . the look of fear and pain never left her eyes for an instant

"Mother," the artist said, "this is the lady whom I hope to have for my Madonna. Her name is—?"

"Mrs. Mason," Mary said, answering the query in his voice and bowing to the older woman politely. But her eyes were all for the baby. She stretched out her arms. "Let me hold him," she begged.

"He's shy with strangers, I am afraid he will cry," said the woman, but his babyship surprised them, as babies will. One look at Mary, out of wide blue eyes, and he stretched out his hands with a little gurgle of contentment, and went straight to her arms. As she drew him close, so that his round head with the fringe of silken curls nestled on her neck, the artist and his mother nodded at each other in silent satisfaction.

"I would try to make the work as easy as possible. And I will pay more than my usual rate."

Mary scarcely heard him. Out of her absorption in the wee face on her shoulder she answered readily:

"The money doesn't matter. And I can stay any number of hours, if I am home in time to get Bill's dinner. I just want to hold the baby!"

A look of tender pity leaped to the eyes of the older woman. She put a hand on Mary's shoulder.

"I dreaded to let him paint my little grandson—to have him in a stranger's arms for so many hours. But now I am glad that he is to do it. My only daughter died when this babe was born. You can see what he means to me—but I will trust him with you."

So began the first of many happy days for Mary Mason. All the love of her starved mother heart went out to the child. The wistfulness in her eyes was replaced by a wealth of happy tenderness, her step grew lighter, her laugh more frequent. Bill, noticing the change, was delighted. Manlike, he did not try to analyze the reasons for Mary's new cheerfulness. But one night, when he remarked with satisfaction "You're looking fine nowadays, Mary girl," she almost betrayed herself.

"I'm feeling well," she said. "There's nothing like a new interest in life to make a woman young again!"

"A new interest in life?" he said, staring. "What do you mean? Haven't joined the Suffragists or the Peace Party, have you?"

She flushed crimson, and he stared at her with amazement in his eyes. "Out with it!" he commanded.

She almost told him, but the fear of his displeasure held her back. In her confusion she stammered out the first thing which occurred to her. "I—I think women ought to vote," she said, "why shouldn't I join the Suffragists?"

"Oh, that's it!" His laughter filled the room. "Well, go to it, my dear. As the big boy said when his little mother licked him, it satisfies you and it don't hurt me!"

But afterward, as he walked to work the next morning, he thought again of her looks, her words, her new air of contentment and joy. Could an interest in a woman's club bring all that to pass? But he did not worry. Openhearted, generous Bill Mason was not a man to conjure up doubts and suspicions of the woman he loved. To suspect Mary of any wrongdoing was farthest from his thoughts.

For a long, long moment he stood, looking down at the little face

It was in the afternoon of that day that he found on his truck a package consigned to Loraine Nottingham, 13 Brevort street. "Looks to me like canvases, and it's marked collect. Guess I'll take it upstairs myself," he told his helper. "Artists are generally poor, and there may be trouble with the collection."

But there was no trouble whatever about the collection. The artist, absorbed in his work, scarcely looked up. "Here's the money," he said, absently, drawing a hand from his pocket. "Just set the package in there, back of the portières, will you?"

An instant later, the artist was startled by a cry—the shrill, startled cry of a woman, followed by the angry, hoarse, amazed roar of a man's voice! "Mary!" the man was saying, "my God—it can't be true! You here, like this, half dressed, in this man's room!"

At once the artist's mind grasped the significance of the words. He went forward instantly, to speak to the infuriated man, who was gazing down at Mary, clad in her Madonna robes, her face full of pain and fear, as she clung to her husband's arm.

"Oh, tell him," she begged, her eyes meeting Loraine's imploringly. "It's my husband. He didn't know about this—tell him!"

But before Loraine could speak, Bill had flung Mary aside roughly, with a bitter word, and left the studio. They stared at each other as his feet clattered down the stairs, then Mary sank on a couch, weeping.

"He'll never understand. He will never forgive me," she sobbed.

"Of course he will," Loraine counseled. "Just you go home and get a good, hot dinner for him. You'll see that he will get over it all and be ashamed of himself in a few hours."

But Mary shook her head sadly. She knew her Bill. And she was right. The good, hot dinner waited for hours, and was put away untasted. All night she waited, but he did not come home. In the morning she went to Loraine's studio, and at sight of her wan, white face he cried out in alarm.

All day they strove to comfort her, speaking words of reassurance and cheer, but the look of fear and pain never left her eyes for an instant.

"I love my husband!" she declared. "I want him! And he will never, never come back, even to let me explain."

They laughed at her tenderly. They said that he would return before the week was out. But the weeks dragged by and Bill Mason's step never was heard on the stair that led to the little home which had been his one thought in life. Mary, forced now to work for her own support, went daily to the studio, but even the baby was no comfort to her now, and Loraine's heart bled for her daily, as he saw her trying so bravely to control herself.

At last came a wonderful day when Mary whispered to Loraine's mother a secret which had brought a mixture of sorrow and happiness to her lonely heart. "I suspected it before Bill went away," she said, "but I didn't want to tell him, until I was sure! And now! Now he will never see his child, never know—"

She broke down, sobbing, but through all the months that followed she was brave and strong Something that God gives to women in the hours of their trial came to strengthen and support her. Though no word came from her husband, though Loraine sought in vain for a trace of him, she was calm and self-controlled.

"When my baby, my very own baby, is here, his heart will feel its tiny heart beating for him, somehow, somewhere, and he will come!" she declared. "There must be a tie which will make itself felt!" And, looking at her rapt face, they could only nod silent assent.

So her faith sustained her until the baby lay in her arms, sustained her while it grew strong and rosy, while the weeks went by and brought no word or sign from Bill.

"He'll come!" she said, confidently, "it won't be long now!"

They doubted. But her faith never faltered. And one day, as she sat with the little one cradled against her breast while Loraine painted, she lifted her head suddenly, listening! It was rare, indeed, for her to break her pose, and the artist looked his surprise. Her cheeks were flaming red. Her eyes shone like two stars.

"Listen! Don't you hear him? I do —I do! Go in there where your mother is, quick. Let me meet him alone!"

The artist could hear now the steps which her ear had caught so quickly. Up, up they came, and with one look at Mary's face, Loraine went swiftly into the next room.

The door opened, and Bill stepped in. Haggard and worn and wan he was, with that in his face which told of bitter struggle. She ran to him, holding out the babe.

"Bill," she breathed, "see!"

He stared, and his face grew still more ghastly. "Yours!" he exclaimed.

"Ours, Bill, mine and yours!" she cried. "Don't you understand? Oh, my love, my own man, you've come back to me!"

For a long, long moment he stood, looking down into the little face, hope and joy and repentance struggling on his own countenance. Then, with a sudden cry of love and hope and faith, he gathered them both in his arms and bowed his head over them.

Across the Rio Grande

(101 Bison Film)

Scenario by Geo. Marshall *Produced by J. J. Jaccard*

By **FRANCIS W. DOUGHTY**

Cast of Characters:

Dixon Lee..............Bill Gettinger
Teddy Ransome.........Olive Golden
José Morilla............Joe Rickman
Nina de la Guerra......Peggy Coudray

"OH, you dear boy! How I do love you!"

Teddy Ransome was on Dixon's knee as she said it.

The young man gazed at her fondly, and folded her in his arms.

"Teddy," he breathed, "I am going to speak to your father this very day. I won't wait any longer."

The beautiful girl shuddered, and clung closer to her lover.

They had been childhood playmates, they had gone to school together in the bustling Missouri town where they were born. They had always loved each other, but there were reasons why Frederica Ransome feared.

"I wouldn't to-day, Dix," she whispered.

"Why?"

"Father is troubled about business. He is nervous, and—"

"About me?"

"I hate to hurt your feelings, dear. I can't speak what is in my mind."

Dixon Lee put the girl off his lap and arose.

"Teddy, I insist that you do speak your mind," he said. "If you don't—"

"Then what, sir?" she retorted, her face flushing.

"We shall quarrel."

The flush deepened.

"Could you quarrel with me?" she demanded.

Dix melted on the instant.

"No, no!" he protested. "But out with it, Teddy. You think I drink too much, I suppose."

"I wish I didn't have to, Dix."

"And am too fond of cards."

Teddy stood silent.

"I'll reform."

"And go to work? Your idleness is father's principal objection to you."

"I thought as much. Yes, I'll go to work if I can get a job. I'm going to speak to him. If we could once get married it would be all right."

Teddy put both hands on his shoulders and looked him full in the eyes.

"Dix, I have confidence in you," she said. "I'll marry you to-morrow, if father will give his consent."

"And without it?" he demanded.

"Well, we'll see."

It was enough for Dixon Lee.

"Teddy's a trump," he said to himself as he left the house. "I certainly have made a fool of myself. I'll reform."

Easier said than done.

Here was a youth who had inherited thirty thousand dollars at the death of his father, and in two years' time had run through it all without even an attempt to get into business and earn an honest living.

No wonder Hiram Ransome looked

askance at him when he presented himself at the office of the Mexican Northern Railroad, which was controlled by the capitalists of the town.

"Well, Dix?" he demanded. "And what brings you here?"

Dix looked sheepish.

"Mr. Ransome," he faltered, "you know Teddy and I have been acquainted all our lives. I love her and—"

"Want to get married?" blurted Ransome.

"Why, yes, sir!"

"Young man, what's become of the money your father left you?"

"Well, sir—"

"It isn't well, Dix. You drink, you gamble, you have never done an honest day's work in your life. Do you imagine for an instant that I want my daughter to marry such a character? At the same time—"

He paused and looked fixedly at Dix.

"Well, sir, what you say is true. I admit it," gasped Dix, "but I propose to turn over a new leaf."

"Turn it over, then. I know that the girl loves you and has confidence in you. I have none, so there you are. Let's see the new leaf turned over, then ask me again."

Hiram Ransome lit a cigar in an aggressive fashion and turned to his desk.

Dix stood for a moment in silence.

"Mr. Ransome, I want to reform and get to work," he presently said. "Could you help me to find a job?"

"I sure can," was the blunt reply.

"I'll take it, whatever it is."

Ransome wheeled his chair about and faced him.

"That's better," he said. "Listen here. As you know, I am manager of the new railroad we are running into northern Mexico. The revolution has not hit us yet, for we are out of its path, but conditions are difficult, labor is hard to obtain. The stockholders are kicking about heavy expenditures and justly. I know that they are being robbed by petty graft. I can't go down there. If you'll go and represent me I'll make a place for you. Thirty per week and expenses, boy. All I ask is for you to keep your eyes and ears open and report the truth to me."

"I'll take the job," responded Dix promptly, "and I thank you a thousand times."

"You want to look out for yourself," she said to him

"Done," said Ransome, who was nothing if not direct. "When can you start?"

"In an hour."

"Business—good business. Get ready. Make good, Dix, and Teddy is yours. She truly loves you, and I would not cross her love."

And so it came about that Dix went down into Chihuahua, leaving Teddy half heart-broken, but hopeful.

It was a difficult task that the young spendthrift had assumed.

He was recognized as a spy from headquarters from the moment he landed in Santa Rosalia.

He found affairs in a chaotic condition.

Some months previous the notorious Huerra brothers had swept through the place levying tribute on everybody, but the new railroad line necessary to General Villa had been spared.

Dix's position was nominally that of head clerk in the office of the construction company.

He was up against it from the start.

The foreman, one Sheehan, sized him up instantly.

This son of the "ould sod" was not altogether a bad man, but he was a typical specimen of his sort. He wanted "to get there," and he saw no other way than to stand in with José Morilla, the local governor, who was a rascal of the rankest kind.

Perhaps they grafted together—Dix was not sharp enough to make out. At all events Morilla got his graft regularly, that was evident. The inexperienced, idle boy could do nothing. He did not dare to report to Hiram Ransome lest he should get into personal trouble, and it did not take him long to drop back into his old ways.

So it was a case of pulque and cards and little work. Sheehan urged him on.

"Just a dirty little spy sent down here by the boss," he said to Morilla. "I'll fix him. Leave it all to me. A couple of months will settle his case."

And out of the payroll money Morilla got his share.

Probably Sheehan did also. Qien sabe? One thing was certain, Dix didn't know, for he was now spending his time drinking and gambling as of yore.

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"Go for that young fool," Shehan said to Nina de la Guerra, the belle of the dance halls of Santa Rosalia. "He's a spy and we want to get rid of him. Get him into trouble if you can."

The girl eyed him curiously.

"Are you my boss?" she asked. "If so, I didn't know it. How much is the job worth?"

"I'll make it worth your while," was the reply. "I'm running things here. So long as the boss don't see fit to come down and look after his own business I'm not going to stand for a cub representative—that's flat."

Nina laughed.

"All right," she replied. "I'll see what I can do."

She did nothing but to tip Dix off to the plot against him.

"You want to look out for yourself," she said to him one night. "Morilla and Sheehan are all-powerful here. They don't like you. My advice is that you pull out."

Dix thanked the kind-hearted señorita and from that on, although he was drunk most of the time, he kept on his guard and managed to pick up not a little information as to how the money went, which points he communicated to Hiram Ransome in two badly worded letters, which failed to accomplish their purpose.

"The boy is an idiot!" stormed Ransome to Teddy when the second letter came. "I sent him down to Mexico to find out where the leakage is. It is perfectly evident to me that he is standing in with the gang."

Teddy's indignation was intense.

"Dix would never do anything of the sort!" she flashed. "If you want information, father, why don't you go to Santa Rosalia and get it for yourself? I love Dixon Lee and won't hear him maligned."

"You're as big a fool as he is!" snapped Ransome, "and that's saying a good deal."

It was a good deal more than should have been said.

Teddy was deeply hurt, but she made no retort.

Some days passed.

Then came a letter from Sheehan, stating that Dix spent all his time drinking and gambling.

Ransome showed it to Teddy and there was another explosion.

Teddy resolved to act.

"I'll reform Dix if it costs me my life," she told herself. "It's Mexico for mine."

She had some money of her own tucked away in the savings bank, and without saying a word she drew it out.

Time tables were consulted. Arrangements were secretly made. But Teddy kept a still tongue. She was resolved and only waited her chance.

It soon came.

"I'm off for Mrs. Briggs' house-party to-night," she said to her father one evening.

Ransome nodded assent, scarcely looking up from his paper.

There was no Mrs. Briggs in it.

Teddy made straight for the station. She was off for Mexico!

Meanwhile things were happening in the land of mañana.

A charge of robbery was cooked up against Lee.

Dix was arrested by Morilla's men.

Needless to say, Sheehan was prompt with his report to Ransome. It arrived on top of his daughter's disappearance. The man was all but wild. Teddy had left a letter stating her intention.

Ransome started at once for Mexico.

But it was not so easy to get into Mexico.

Teddy found that out.

The railroad was not running regularly. United States troops under Captain Wray were patrolling the border. Teddy was held up at San Tomaso.

The brave girl was in despair.

Dix was arrested by Morilla's men

In vain she pleaded with the captain in command, but she was refused.

"Unsafe, miss," he gruffly said. "Can't be. Better get back to wherever you came from—that's all."

It was at this juncture that Teddy noticed an Indian watching and listening.

The man said nothing, but as the captain turned away he motioned to her and she understood and followed him to a point where they were concealed by the cottonwoods.

The man, though a Yaqui, spoke good English.

"I heard you say that you wanted to join Señor Lee," he abruptly said.

"Indeed I do," Teddy replied.

"Listen, lady. I love Señor Lee. When I was seized by the Huerra brothers and was about to be killed he bravely interfered and saved my life at the risk of his own. They beat me terribly, but I escaped. I have just come from Santa Rosalia. Señor Lee is in jail on a false charge. José Morilla will surely kill him if something is not done."

"What can be done?" demanded Teddy, all in a flutter.

"I have two horses near by," replied the Indian. "It is only twenty miles to Santa Rosalia. I can show you how to dodge the patrol. I can take you to a camp of my people. They will aid us. Let us break into the jail and rescue Señor Lee. There was an engine standing on the track yesterday close to the jail. Steam was up then, it may be now. If he could run it you two could swing across the border in no time."

"I doubt if he can, but I can!" cried Teddy. "My uncle was a railway engineer. He taught me to run an engine. Let us go and lose no time."

"We must be wary," replied the Indian. "José Morilla is a treacherous snake and Señor Sheehan is just as bad, but if you are brave enough to follow me, señorita, I'll do my best, for, as I said, I owe my life to Señor Lee."

"I'll follow you anywhere," cried Teddy, and it was so arranged.

The girl had her money, and the Yaqui got enough of it to make his people willing to aid, but the old chief was unwilling to attempt the forcing of the jail until more pacific measures had been tried.

"Plead with José Morilla, señorita," he said. "We will wait outside the camp. Benito shall tell us when to act."

Teddy yielded, and she and Benito, her friendly guide, rode on ahead. But brave as she was Teddy lacked diplomacy.

Once in the presence of the Mexican she went to pieces and made it only too plain that she loved Dix.

The result was what might have been expected, for she was a beautiful girl. She could not get out of the man's presence quick enough.

The wonder was he ever allowed her to leave it. Perhaps he feared Benito. He made it only too plain that Dix's danger had been increased by her appeal.

As she and the Indian hurried away they saw that the old engine stood on the siding with steam up.

Dix heard them coming and extended his revolver to Teddy

"Act quickly, Benito," urged Teddy. "That terrible man will if we don't."

The Indian gave a shrill whistle.

In a twinkling there was a mob of Yaquis about the jail. In less time than it takes to tell it Dix was free.

"To the engine!" cried Teddy. "I can run it. Steam is up. If we can only get across the border we are safe."

It was not to be.

José Morilla was on the watch.

He had been awed by Teddy's spirited defiance of his marked attentions, but he promptly went on the job now and telegraphed ahead to have the engine stopped, which was done by his men placing an obstruction on the track.

Dix, Benito and Teddy were obliged to leave it and take refuge in an old adobe nearby.

"Here is a revolver and an extra round of cartridges, señor," said the Yaqui. "Defend yourself if they come."

They came!

They attacked by windows and doors, but Dix's spirited defense cowed them and they retreated.

"Oh, Teddy, it was so brave of you to come to me," said Dix.

"I came to save you from yourself, you dear boy," replied Teddy gravely. "Just think, Dix, we have known each other since we were little children. I don't have to tell you that I love you; that you already know. I had no idea I was going to encounter such conditions as these, but here we are up against it. That wretch, Morilla, who tried to flirt with me will come again, I suppose, and—"

"He sure will," put in Benito, who was listening. "He is probably on his way now. These men of his are no doubt waiting for him."

Dix's concern was real.

"Teddy, I have been all to blame," he said. "I am a young man and can cut out the infernal liquor. I swear to you, dear girl, that I will cut it out forever if we escape out of this net, nor will I ever turn another card; but how to escape is the question. If we leave this shelter they will nab us on the instant, and I shudder to think of what your fate may be. José Morilla is all-powerful down here. I have crossed his path. I shall surely be shot. You will disappear never to be seen again."

"God is good," replied Teddy calmly. "He will protect us. Only stick to your promises, Dix."

"I will—I sure will; but in the meantime—"

"Leave it to me," put in the Yaqui, who had been attentively listening, "I will get out through the back window and make for the border. You hold them off if they come again. I will ask help of the Texas Rangers and I'll get

it. As for the American troops they will not cross the border, even to save the life of an American woman."

"You are right there," sighed Dix, "and that's the red tape of it. Benito, you are a jewel. Go and save this dear girl from that scoundrel Morilla and I'll bless you to the last hour of my life."

"I'm gone, boss," rejoined the Indian, and he went.

Dix had earned the gratitude of one of the hated race who, like their brothers, the Apaches of Arizona, must soon become extinct. There are and have ever been worse people in the world.

Meanwhile Hiram Ransome had been speeding southward in search of his daughter.

He also was held up on the border. His rage and protests were of no avail.

He learned of Teddy's arrival at the camp.

Where had she gone?

The captain did not know. Probably she had taken the train back into Texas.

The station agent assured him that it was not so.

"I saw the girl," he said. "She went away with an Indian and by the same token here comes the Indian now!"

It was Benito!

"Help, señor!" he appealed. "A young lady—a boy who saved my life."

Ransome lent a willing ear, it is needless to say.

So did the captain of a company of Texas Rangers encamped near, anxious and willing to save the honor of their State.

"By heaven, if the United States government won't act, we will!" he declared. "Come on, Mr. Ransome. We'll cross the border for you."

It was time!

José Morilla came.

He was a man without a shadow of principal. He was determined to put Dix out of the way and to get Teddy.

"Easy," he said to his gang of greasers. "You are a bunch of cowards to let one man hold you up. Follow me!"

They were willing enough, now that there was a leader and money in sight.

Dix heard them coming and extended his revolver to Teddy.

"But one shot left, dear girl," he said, "and that's for you if they get us."

"Do it," replied Teddy. "Dix Lee, I always said you were a man."

But the greasers did not get them. The Texas Rangers got the greasers, and José Morilla was promptly lynched, while Teddy nursed the worn-out Benito back to life.

"Take her, Dix," said Ransome. "No use standing out against true love. Only brace up and try to be a man. You have fairly won a bride across the Rio Grande."

No more to be said than up to date Dix has been true to his promises. Sheehan is in jail, and Teddy is a happy woman.

Man and Morality

(Victor Film)

Scenario by Harry C. Myers — *Produced by Harry C. Myers*

By A. F. HILL

Cast of Characters:

Harry Anstruther......Harry Myers
Rosemary Trent.....Rosemary Theby
Mizi.................Rosemary Theby
Mr. Stanton...............L. L. Hall

IT was a beautiful day in midsummer, and the blue waters of the bay caught the glittering rays of the bright sunshine and shimmered like a diamond-studded sheet of molten gold. Tied up at her dock, resplendent in a fresh coat of white paint, her owner's burgee fluttering at the masthead, the yacht Sylvia lent the finishing touch to the picture.

On the bridge of the boat Harry Anstruther, her owner, one of the most popular young business men in New York, leaned forward scanning the faces among the crowds on the dock in search of those of his friends whom he had invited to be his guests.

Suddenly, Harry's eye caught sight of two figures approaching through the crowd, and a smile of glad welcome spread over his face. These two, now approaching, were to him the most welcome of all his guests. It was for one of them, in fact, that the trip had been planned, for Harry Anstruther was in love with Rosemary Trent, daughter of old Colonel Trent.

As Colonel Trent and his daughter drew near the foot of the gangplank Harry hurried down to greet them, and in another minute he was holding the hand and gazing into the eyes of the girl he loved. Within half an hour the rest of the guests arrived, and the yacht glided out on the smooth waters of the bay.

With a wisdom that was almost Solomon-like, Harry had taken pains to invite young people almost exclusively, and particularly young people whom he knew to be interested in one another. In addition, he had seen to it that the Sylvia's library was plentifully stocked with magazines and papers devoted to army subjects. The colonel was taken up with the journals so that Harry had Rosemary almost exclusively to himself.

On the third day of the cruise, as the yacht was smoothly gliding along a beautifully wooded shore, Harry and Rosemary sat alone on deck on the starboard side of the vessel. The conversation had been somewhat strained between them for the last half-hour, and Rosemary sensed that a proposal was trembling on Harry's lips. She sat with her head half averted, gazing with sad, meditative eyes out over the shining water. Suddenly, Harry

seized her hand and, bending far forward in an effort to see her face, said: "Rosemary, I have something I must tell you. Perhaps you have guessed my secret and know already that I love you better than I love life itself. Will you marry me, Rosemary, and make me the happiest man on earth?"

For a moment she did not answer him and he sat motionless, like a prisoner awaiting sentence, waiting for her answer. He saw that her eyes were wet with tears. He made an impulsive movement to take her in his arms, but she put out her hand to hold him from her and whispered—"Wait."

With a visible effort she partly regained her self-control and said:

"Harry, you have just paid me the greatest compliment a man can pay a woman in asking me to become your wife. I am grateful for it. It would be both false and idle for me to pretend that I do not care for you, and nothing would give me greater happiness than to answer 'yes' to your question. Before I can do that there is something I must tell you, and if you still want me after I have told you that which is on my mind you will have much to forgive."

She paused because her emotions overcame her, and Harry at once burst into a storm of protest.

"I will not listen," he cried, "I am sure that there is nothing that you can tell me that can make any difference in my desire to make you my wife. I am positive that no sweeter, purer, fairer soul than yours ever existed since the commencement of the world."

She glanced up at him with a world of devotion and gratitude in her eyes, but yet held up her hand as a token that she desired him to hear her further. In obedience to her signal he paused and she continued:

"Thank you for your expressions of belief and confidence in me. I think that I can safely say that I have been free from conscious wrong-doing or wilful sin. But there is a chapter in my life that any man who offers me marriage has a right to know about and to judge me for according to his own standards. If you will be patient I will tell you my story, although the telling is extremely difficult for me, and I shall have great need for your kindness and consideration."

. . . **Mizi's day dreams were ever haunted by visions of Harry**

He moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue and protested against her going on with the story, but the very feebleness of his protestations told her that his curiosity was aroused and that he would not be happy with a half-told secret between them. With a certain desperate courage she said:

"Nearly eight years ago, when I had barely turned sixteen, I was living with father at an army post in the Middle West. I was young and foolishly romantic, and became desperately smitten with a certain young Lieutenant A., who was serving under father. Lieutenant A. seemed to be as badly smitten as I was myself and we became inseparable companions and lovers. Finally we felt that we could not wait any longer and he went to father and asked him for my hand. Father took Lieutenant A.'s request more as a joke than anything else, and laughingly refused, saying that I was only a child and that he was only a boy, and that we would both be very much better off for a few more years in the nursery. Lieutenant A. became very angry when father took his request so lightly and, forgetting the respect due his superior officer, spoke rather more plainly than either his years or his subordinate position to my father warranted. Father, who was always a great disciplinarian, became very angry at his replies, promptly ordered him to his quarters and forbade him to ever approach him again on the same matter. Lieutenant A. returned to me greatly discouraged as the result of his interview, which he felt had not only resulted unsuccessfully for our plans of marriage, but he also thought had injured him in his profession as well. I had always had much influence with father, and I now comforted Lieutenant A. by telling him that I would use my best efforts to coax papa to give us his consent. It became unnecessary for me to broach the subject to father, for he himself instantly spoke of it as soon as I arrived home. In no uncertain terms he told me his opinion of Lieutenant A. and I, furious at hearing the man I loved spoken lightly of, replied in a very undutiful and undaughterly fashion. The result of this interview was

a violent quarrel between father and myself and we parted for the first time in anger.

"Of course, I felt that father was both unjust and unkind and my sympathies were all with Lieutenant A. So it was that when we met next day and he suggested an elopement I fell in readily with his ideas, and at once we formed our plans. That night I slipped out of the house when every one had fallen asleep. Lieutenant A. met me and we slipped through the lines together. We boarded a train for a large city nearby, but the train never arrived at its destination because an accident, which happened about two o'clock in the morning, necessitated our spending the night at the single small hotel which a nearby village boasted. The next day we went on to the city, but inasmuch as the trains were not running again until very late in the afternoon, we arrived at the city too late to be married that night. The next morning, however, we started out in search of a minister, but as we started across a busy street an automobile turned a corner at great speed and struck us. We both were badly injured and were carried off to a hospital. There it was discovered that Lieutenant A. had sustained a fracture of the skull, from which he died during that same day. I was not so badly injured as Lieutenant A., but still sufficiently so as to lie unconscious for nearly twelve hours. A search of my clothing and handbag had apprised the people at the hospital of my identity, and they had sent for father. He arrived that evening and was sitting by my bedside when I regained consciousness. He it was who later told me of the death of Lieutenant A. and the escape of the chauffeur who had been responsible for our injuries. It was nearly three weeks before I was able to leave the hospital, and at the end of that time I returned with father to the post. He never asked me a single question from that day to this, and you are the only person who ever heard this story."

She buried her face in her handkerchief and gave way to a storm of weeping. Harry had sat silent with white face and agonized eyes, and his lips were bleeding where he had bitten them to keep from crying out. Now with a voice that shook so that it was barely possible to make out what he was saying, he whispered: "Am I to understand that you were practically the wife of Lieutenant A., Rosemary?"

"Yes," she whispered beneath her breath. A moan of mental pain escaped him.

Then she stood with hands resting on the balcony rail as he told his tale

For almost ten minutes they sat in silence, she lost in grief and he suffering agony from the battle that was going on within his breast between his almost overmastering love and his reason and the traditions of his race. At last, composure returned to him in some measure and with it reason, and he rose quietly to his feet and, gazing sadly down at the girl, he said:

"Rosemary, I thank you for your confidence, and I regret that in view of what you have just told me I shall have to withdraw my offer of marriage. I shall always think kindly of you, and I believe that you will always occupy a particularly warm place in my heart. Good-by, and again thank you!"

Throughout the remainder of the trip Rosemary and Harry by tacit agreement did not see each other nor did they meet until she came with her father to express her thanks for his hospitality at the end of the cruise. Then he held her hand in his and gazed sadly into her eyes in what they both believed to be a final farewell. As he held her hand in parting a desire so strong that he could scarcely withstand it came over him to take her in his arms before them all and say to her, "Never mind the past. Let us be happy in the present and in the future which is yet before us." He resisted this impulse, however, and so at last she withdrew her cold, little hand from his and turned away. She glanced up into his eyes with a look in her own eyes that Harry felt he could never forget the longest day he lived.

That afternoon Harry ordered the captain of the yacht to put her into her winter quarters and the next day he returned to his business.

The days that followed were more than sad ones for Harry. Try as he would he could not get Rosemary out of his mind, and the look she gave him when they parted seemed to haunt him sleeping or waking. Although he had always been keenly interested in his business, it now seemed impossible

for him to keep his mind on his work, and his partners politely requested him to take another vacation "for the good of the business." This suggestion, coupled with their evident desire to get rid of him in his present condition of mind, gave him a plan. This idea was to go far away among new scenes and in a different quarter of the world and there try to forget Rosemary and his sorrow. His firm did a large import business with the Philippines, and for some time past had been planning to open a branch office there. "What is the matter," thought Harry, "with my going there now and opening the branch and perhaps in the bustle of getting things established I may forget my misery." When he suggested this plan to his partners they fell right in with it, and so it was that a week later Harry set sail for Manila.

Arrived in the Philippines, Harry set out for Luzon and there looked about for suitable quarters for his firm's branch office. In a few days he discovered a small building in the Calle Ferdinand admirably suited to his purposes, and there he established the office. At the end of a week he had exhausted the limited resources of Luzon and its exceedingly primitive environs and he found himself again giving more thought to Rosemary and his love for her than was good for his physical and mental well-being.

. . . she sat at her window looking out over the park with unseeing eyes

One night, in order to beguile the tedium and loneliness of his life, he accepted the invitation of a native merchant to visit a palacio in the native quarter of the town at which a celebrated native dancer named Mizi was then holding veritable court.

A number of minor performers preceded the great Mizi, while the audience, mostly Filipinos with a small sprinkling of Americans and Spaniards, grew increasingly impatient. Then there was a sudden fanfare of music, and Mizi, surrounded by a half-dozen dancing girls, slowly entered the room amid enthusiastic applause. Harry glanced up listlessly to see what manner of person this might be who held the audience so devotedly at her feet and, as his eyes rested on the famous dancer, he gave a perceptible start, which Mizi noted. Harry's start of surprise was due to the fact that Mizi bore a striking resemblance to Rosemary Trent in height, form and carriage, and except that her complexion was darker and her eyes a trifle larger, Harry would have vowed that she was Rosemary or Rosemary's twin sister. This striking resemblance quickened Harry's interest in the dancer, and she, noting his interest and being a desperate flirt, determined to make his acquaintance. During the mazes of the dance, therefore, she managed many times to come very close to his table and unblushingly directed all the suggestive postures and gestures of invitation in the dance to him. At the end of the dance, it being the custom of the performers to sit with the audience when they had finished their work, Mizi came and seated herself at Harry's table. He welcomed the diversion which she afforded him and did his utmost to entertain her. She was far above her fellow dancers in intelligence and manners, and to his surprise he found that she had been in Paris and New York and could speak not only French, but fairly good English as well. This meeting proved the beginning of a friendship which soon became something much stronger, and Mizi's day dreams were ever haunted by visions of Harry.

One day there chanced to come to Harry's office in Luzon an American gentleman named Stanton, who it proved had been acquainted with Harry's father. This gentleman immediately took a great liking to Harry, and, when he found out that he was throwing himself away on a worthless native dancing girl, he felt very badly. At the first opportunity which presented itself Mr. Stanton took Harry to task about the life of debauchery he was living, and did his utmost to induce him to give up the dancer and return with him to America. Harry, however, proved obdurate and refused to mend his ways or permit himself to be guided by the good Mr. Stanton, and so the latter sadly sailed for America without him.

The growing intimacy of Harry with Mizi aroused the ire of more than one of her admirers, and particularly of one Toto, a native who had been her accepted suitor prior to the advent of Harry into her life. This native had more than once threatened to wreak his jealous vengeance on either Harry

or Mizi herself, but Harry was so infatuated with the dancer that he continued his attentions even though he was doing so at the peril of his life.

Meantime Mr. Stanton had arrived in New York and resumed the even tenor of his life there, but frequently his thoughts would travel to the Philippines and the young man who was throwing his life away on a common native dancer. One evening, at a large reception to which he had been invited, his attention was attracted to a beautiful young woman who stood a veritable picture of tragic grief upon a balcony. There was something very familiar about the young woman's face, and Mr. Stanton stood perplexedly looking up at her trying to remember where he had seen her before. Suddenly the connection he was searching for came to him. He had seen a large photograph of her on the mantel in young Harry Anstruther's room away out in the Philippines. Quickly Mr. Stanton put two and two together and arrived at the conclusion that the couple had been sweethearts at some time, and that Harry was throwing his life away for love of this girl. "I'll try it," he murmured to himself. "If anybody can save that poor young man it is that girl." So saying, Mr. Stanton mounted the balcony and approached the girl, who stood so sadly at the balcony rail.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but are you acquainted with a young man named Harry Anstruther?"

She quickly turned to face him and, with a queer little gasp in her voice, answered "yes."

"Well," said Mr. Stanton, "I think that young man needs your help just now."

"My help?" she asked perplexedly.

"Yes," he replied. Then she stood with hands resting on the balcony rail as he told his tale of Harry's mad infatuation, and implored her to go to him and by the magic of her presence save him from himself. She heard him through in silence, and when he had finished she turned and clasped his hands and told him how grateful she was for telling her of the sad condition in which Harry had engulfed himself. Promising Mr. Stanton faithfully that she would go to Harry at once, she bade him good night and left the reception to immediately prepare for her journey. It would be several days before her steamer sailed, and time seemed to pass on leaden wings for Rosemary. All day long she sat at her window looking out over the park with unseeing eyes and dreaming of Harry.

At last sailing day came, as all great days in our lives must come, and Rosemary was at last fairly started on her long journey. She had purposely waited for a very speedy steamer, and fourteen days later she landed at Manila. Another half-day's journey brought her to Luzon.

In the meantime events had not stood still with Harry. Toto, growing increasingly wrathful, had formulated a murder plot, and had drawn straws to see which would be his victim. He had drawn the short straw, which signified Mizi to be his victim, and the very night that Rosemary landed in Luzon Toto had broken into Mizi's home and murdered her.

The death of Mizi was not discovered until the following morning, when a group of children playing in the village street were suddenly startled by loud outcries coming from a native woman who had come to do up Mizi's hair and had found her hacked to pieces in her bed. Mizi had been very popular in the little village where she lived because of her charity, and now the minds of the villagers instantly turned to thoughts of vengeance. By unanimous consent it was agreed that vengeance belonged more fittingly to Harry, Mizi's devoted swain, than to any other, and accordingly a messenger was dispatched to inform Harry of her death. Harry had become genuinely fond of Mizi, and felt real grief on learning of her death. He determined that he would do his utmost to avenge her, and set about arming himself and making ready to go out into the jungle after Toto, where it was reported he had fled to escape the law.

As Harry was putting the finishing touches to his outfit there came a knock at his door and he cried out, "Come in." Slowly the door was pushed open, and Harry glancing up saw Rosemary standing in the doorway. For several minutes he stared at her in silence, half believing her a ghost. Then realizing that it was really Rosemary in the flesh, he sank into a chair, folded his arms on the table and buried his face in his arms.

Timidly Rosemary stole over to his side and placed her hand sympathetically on his shoulder.

"Don't touch me," he sobbed. "I am not worthy of your slightest regard!" he exclaimed, in bitterness and shame.

"I, too, have made mistakes, Harry. It is always possible to start anew."

So with quiet, gentle voice and sweet philosophy she soothed him until his grief subsided.

"You have said that it is always possible to start anew," he remarked. "Is there any chance for me to start anew with you for my wife to help and guide me?"

For answer she opened wide her arms and he sprang into their gentle shelter. Slowly, reverently, he kissed her on the forehead, and then raising his face devoutly to heaven, he whispered: "With God's help, sweetheart, I'll prove worthy of your love."

Strictly Business

Strictly business is the method
Of the Moving Picture show;
You will always get full value
For your money when you go.
Films are right up to the minute,
No back number business here,
Everything is clean and healthy,
Moving Pictures have no peer.

Women may go unattended,
For the business rules are these:—
That they look for patrons' comforts
And they always mean to please.
No loud talking is permitted,
Which will mar some one's delight;
It's their business to give pleasure
And to always do what's right.

Films that are an education,
Wholesome dramas, farces funny;
All the news from every country,
All that can be bought for money—
All these things are strictly business
With the Moving Picture show
And the sure result of all is:
Everybody wants to go.

—Luke Sharp.

The Boob's Victory

(Gold Seal Film)

Scenario by Robert Leonard — *Produced by Robert Leonard*

By GEORGE W. ROGERS

Cast of Characters:

Abner Morse	Robert Leonard	Mary Vernon	Ella Hall
Ray Burton	Marc Robbins	Farmer Higgins	Kingsley Benedict

THE only person who wasn't prepared to admit, nay, to insist, that Abner Morse was a boob was Abner himself. He wouldn't believe it, no matter how often he heard the statement made. That was pretty often, too. The most Abner would do, however, was to admit, rather regretfully, that perhaps he was a little different from the rest of the boys. He was, too. He liked to read, for one thing, and he didn't care much about the girls of the neighborhood. This was a good thing, because the girls didn't care much for Abner, either. They wanted fellows who were smarter and more ambitious.

"See here, Abner," he said, "you're slower'n cold molasses runnin' up hill in winter"

The girls were all wrong about Abner's lack of ambition. He was as ambitious as he could be. It was true that he was what is technically known as a hired man, that he had been one for some years, and that there was no reason to suppose that he would ever be anything else. But Abner himself had his career picked out. He knew exactly what he intended to be. And he found it easy enough to endure the scorn of the girls and the amused chaffing of all who knew him, because he felt that the time was coming when these people would look back with astonishment on the days when they had known him.

"Abner Morse?" they would say then. "The great detective? Why, I knew him when he was old Higgins' hired man! Always did know Abner was going to be famous, by heck! So he solved that mystery when the police of New York had given it up, did he? Well—it's no more'n you'd expect of Abner!"

That was his secret. He meant to become a great detective. In the future, he felt, the feats of Burns and Pinkerton would seem as nothing in comparison with his own.

Abner had read a good many detective stories. But, if he was a boob, he wasn't enough of one to believe that all he had to do to emulate the deeds of his favorite heroes was to hang around and wait for a chance. He could see that the people who wrote these books left out a good deal. He knew that detectives must have to study their profession hard and long before they could hope to scale the heights. So he began to study, too. He got a book that was not fiction—or that pretended it wasn't, at least. "How to Become a Detective" it was called, and the publishers said it had been written by a man so famous that his name had become a household word. Of course, they explained, his name couldn't be made public, but there could be no doubt that he was better qualified to give advice to aspiring detectives than any one who could have written such a book.

Abner didn't regret his investment at all, from the very first day he had the book. It was full of all sorts of hints. But the trouble was that it interfered with his work. He couldn't devote himself to milking cows, because it was reasonably certain that the cow had no dark page in her past that he could investigate. If he had followed the milk after he put it in the spring house to cool he might have accomplished something. He might have been able to explain, had he put his detective instincts to work,

how it was that Farmer Higgins could deliver two cans of milk to the creamery for every one that had gone into the spring house. But that sort of thing was too unromantic, too close to home, to appeal to him.

Farmer Higgins never tried particularly to conceal things from Abner, so he could have learned facts about that milk that the creamery would have paid real money to have. The old man, of course, thought that Abner was a boob, and that there was no need of being careful where he was concerned. He didn't know anything about Abner's book or his ambition. But he did know that Abner wasn't worth his keep any more, and told him so.

"See here, Abner," he said, "you're slower'n cold molasses runnin' up hill in winter time! I s'wan! I dunno what's come over you lately! Used to be a good enough hired man, you did, if you was dumb! Tollable, I'll say, anyhow—tollable, you was! But now! Sakes alive, you ain't no good to me!"

Abner was rather frightened. He was inclined to plead for his job. But Farmer Higgins was only trying to scare him.

"Oh, I'll give you another chance, seein' it's you," he said. "You want to hump yourself, though."

As a matter of fact, however, he had scared Abner into doing some thinking, and when, in the next chapter of his book, he came upon the advice to seek to have a job, while learning to be a detective, in which opportunities to come in contact with criminals were frequent, he decided to make a change, if he could.

"There's nothing to detect around here!" said Abner to himself. "Gee! If I was as good a detective as Burns I'd never get nowhere here on the farm!"

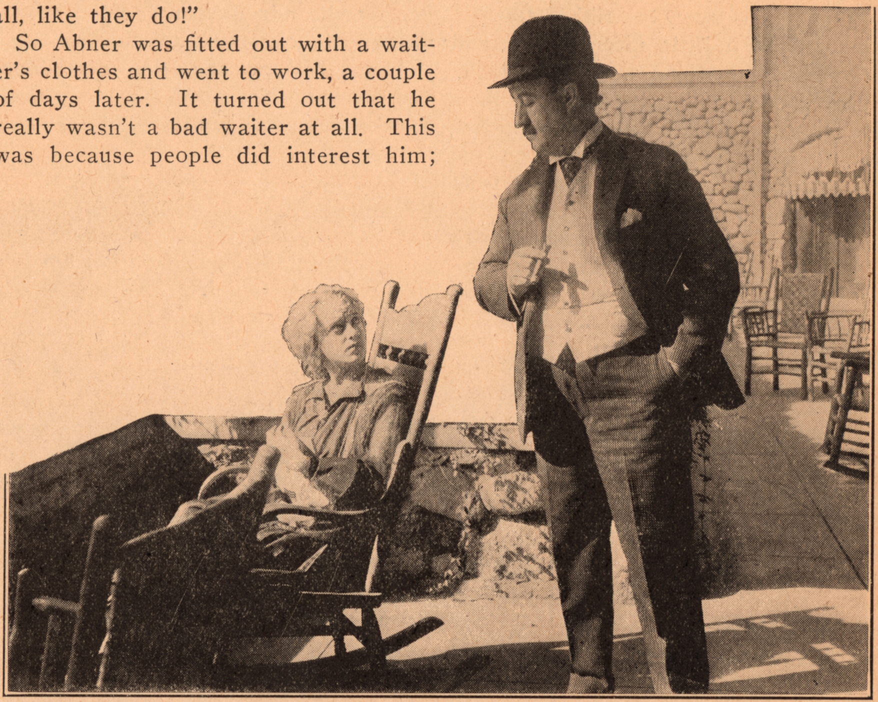
So Abner went out to look for a new job. He didn't go to the city, as a good many of his friends, or companions, rather, had done. Instead he went over, when he had a part of a day off, to the great summer hotel that was located fairly near the farm, and asked for a job. There was a shortage of waiters, and the manager jumped at the chance to get him.

"You look like an awful boob!" he said, frankly. "But you ought to be able to wait on table, if some one shows you how, and you're not a bad-looking hick! Some of the skirts might fall for you. And you're a relief from the college boys, anyhow. Maybe you won't think you know it all, like they do!"

So Abner was fitted out with a waiter's clothes and went to work, a couple of days later. It turned out that he really wasn't a bad waiter at all. This was because people did interest him; he liked to study them, and he had a good chance, in this occupation. It was his first chance to see all sorts of different people at close range, and he enjoyed it.

He was especially pleased when Mary Vernon came along, and was assigned to one of his tables. She was a little girl, and pretty, and Abner was tremendously impressed. He amused her, and she was disposed to be nicer to him than she would, ordinarily, have been to a waiter. He was awkward and rather ungainly, but she could see the admiration of her that was so plain in his eyes, and what woman has ever yet failed to respond a little to that, no matter how impossible the admirer or how absurd his infatuation?

Abner would have been twice as much interested in her had he known the truth; that she was a real detective. She was. She and a male colleague, Ray Burton, were at the hotel, ostensibly as guests, but really to try to run down a gang of thieves who had been making a good many rich hauls at summer resorts. They robbed the guests, not the hotels themselves, and



"I've decided one thing," she told Burton one day, "these crooks are here as guests"

the management of the Carter House had some reason to believe that the losses one or two guests had reported were the work of this gang.

Mary and Burton saw one another only casually; so far as Abner, or any of the guests, knew, they had met for the first time after their arrival at the hotel. They hadn't come on the same day; Mary had preceded Burton. Thus they were able, having come to know one another, it seemed, as summer visitors at such places do, to compare notes and prepare their plans without arousing the suspicions of the crooks, if the latter were on the alert for signs of espionage.

"I've decided one thing," she told Burton one day. "These crooks are here as guests. And they're probably the ones we'd least suspect."

"I think you're right," said Burton. "Say—I wonder if we couldn't make some use of that hick that waits on

you? The boob seems to have fallen pretty hard for you!"

"I suppose that's why you call him a boob?"

"You know I didn't mean that! All I'm thinking, though, seriously, is that he might be pretty useful."

"Well—you may be right, too. I think I'll be a little nice to him, and make him feel friendly. He's not the waiter sort at all, you know. He's a nice country boy. He seems to me more like those college boys you see waiting on table in the summer time than a real waiter."

Abner didn't know, of course, why it was that, after this talk, Mary began to pay more attention to him. Nor did he care. The fact that she noticed his existence, that she let him do things for her, was enough. He was delighted, and he was ready, any time, to get down and let her walk all over him.

One day, though, she embarrassed him horribly. He had a little time to himself, and he had gone off into the hotel grounds to read his book. She came up behind him, and he didn't know she was near until he heard the clear peal of her laughter.

"Caught in the act!" she cried. "So that's what you mean to be—a detective!"

This was the first time that any one had surprised his secret, and it was highly disconcerting to Abner. But he could only blush and stammer. There wasn't the least use in denying the truth, which was obvious. And she was nice to him, and tried to lessen his confusion.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," she said. "I don't see why you shouldn't make a pretty good detective. Come—I'll give you an examination. I've—I've got a friend who's a regular detective, so I know something about it."

And for half an hour she asked him questions. At the end she looked rather thoughtful. For, much to her surprise, Abner had displayed a certain shrewdness that, to a great degree, offset his ignorance of conditions and his lack of experience. He seemed to have made up his mind in advance as to just how he would cope with certain probable emergencies, and Mary had to admit to herself that neither she nor Burton could have answered her questions any better.

Abner had no suspicion that Mary and Burton were anything but guests. But he was aware of the robberies that had been taking place, and he was hopeful that he would be able to have a hand in finding the crooks. He kept on the alert constantly, and he spotted, at last, a man who looked, it seemed to him, like a real criminal. This was a solitary guest, who made no friendships, and took no part at all in the life of the hotel. Abner took it upon himself to trail him, and the man discovered it. His name was Norton, and he was a playwright, as a matter of fact, whose seeming peculiarities were due to the fact that he wanted to have time to think out a new play. Abner annoyed him, but he decided not to complain. Instead he led Abner on, until one day Abner, pursuing him, got into the grounds of an old and rich man that adjoined those of the hotel, and—stumbled into a lake in which this old man kept a number of valuable and rare fish! Norton vanished—Abner was left to face the wrath of the owner of the fish.

"You scoundrel!" cried the old gentleman, as Abner emerged. "I'll have you arrested!"

"You scoundrel!" cried the old gentleman, as Abner emerged

But Abner took to flight. He caught a bad cold, and he let Norton alone after that. But he was none the less determined, though he shifted his suspicions from Norton.

Mary and Burton, meanwhile, had come upon a clue. And they became more and more certain that a certain trio, two men and a woman, were the ones they were after. These, alone, of all the people in the hotel, could not easily be traced in the towns from which they had registered; their actions, moreover, were suspicious. Mary, disguised as a chambermaid, got into the woman's room, and discovered incriminating evidence. But she and Burton decided to wait, to make sure, and catch the thieves after they had committed some new robbery, when they might be arrested while still in possession of their booty—thus assuring their conviction.

Abner, too, fastened his suspicions on this trio. He had good reasons; in the course of waiting upon them he overheard snatches of talk that were highly illuminating. They paid no attention to him; in their eyes he was only a boob.

And then, one night, there was a sensation. A woman guest came screaming into the lobby, crying that her jewels had been stolen. They were valuable stones; she was a rich woman. And Mary and Burton, exchanging looks of triumph, sped at once for the stairs. They raced to the room of the woman; outside the door they heard

sounds within that convinced them they were on the right trail.

They knocked; there was no answer. Burton tried the door; it was locked. He flew for the manager, leaving Mary on guard. He made good time. But when the manager, with his pass-key, opened the door, the birds were flown!

Abner, meanwhile, had heard the commotion in the lobby, and understood its cause. But he did not, like Mary and Burton, make for the rooms the crooks occupied. He had expected something like this to happen, and his plans were made in advance. In the locker where he kept his waiter's clothes he had a pistol, and his first thought was to secure this. Then, in defiance of all the rules of the hotel, he slipped out by the back entrance, and made for a road that ran at the back of the grounds. There, with the utmost confidence, he waited.

In a few minutes he heard stealthy movements in the shrubbery. And when the three crooks stepped out into the road, it was to be confronted with Abner, gun in hand.

"Hands up!" he said, in the best melodramatic style. "I've got the drop on you!"

He certainly had. The crooks were desperate enough, but Abner looked as if he would shoot. And so, following his book's instructions to the letter, he made them stay in front and marched them back to the hotel. Mary and Burton, intensely disappointed and humiliated, were trying to explain their failure and the escape of the crooks. At the sight of them Burton leaped forward, and the next moment they were handcuffed.

"Well, we've got them!" exulted Burton.

"But it's Abner who gets the thousand-dollar reward!" said Mary. "They're his prisoners—not ours!"

So Abner learned that she was a detective. And he had to tell them how he had trapped them.

"I knew there was only one way for them to get away," he said. "So I went there and waited. They had to come to that road to get out at all, and I was sure they'd come."

He explained the details more fully to Mary.

"I'm going to get our agency to give you a regular job as a detective, Abner," she told him. "I think you'll be a very good one, when I've taught you a few of the things you need to know!"

At the prospect, he grinned foolishly.

COAST-TO-COAST STUDIO NOTES

Kathlyn Williams as an interior decorator and designer could reap a handsome income.

Edna Maison, Universal's brunette beauty, has invented a new face cream. Several of her friends have tried it and say it is "great."

Few fans know that Bud Duncan, the latter half of the "Ham and Bud" comedies, was all but born on the stage. Bud is the son of A. O. Duncan, one of the best-known ventriloquists of the past decade.

Sadie Lindblom, the owner-lead of the Liberty Company at San Mateo, Cal., has written several good Photoplays already and is now learning the camera and laboratory work. She is determined to be proficient in all the branches of the industry.

Earle Williams has been selected to head a cast of Vitagraph players who will enact a new serial story being produced by the Vitagraph Company under the direction of W. P. Earle. The various scenes of the story will necessitate the players journeying to many remote parts of the United States in order to obtain local color, atmosphere and topographically correct backgrounds.

Julia Swayne Gordon, Vitagraph star, has adopted two baby alligators sent her from Florida.

According to Miss Alice Hollister, the Kalem leading lady, one of the principal reasons for her success has been the attention she has devoted to character study.

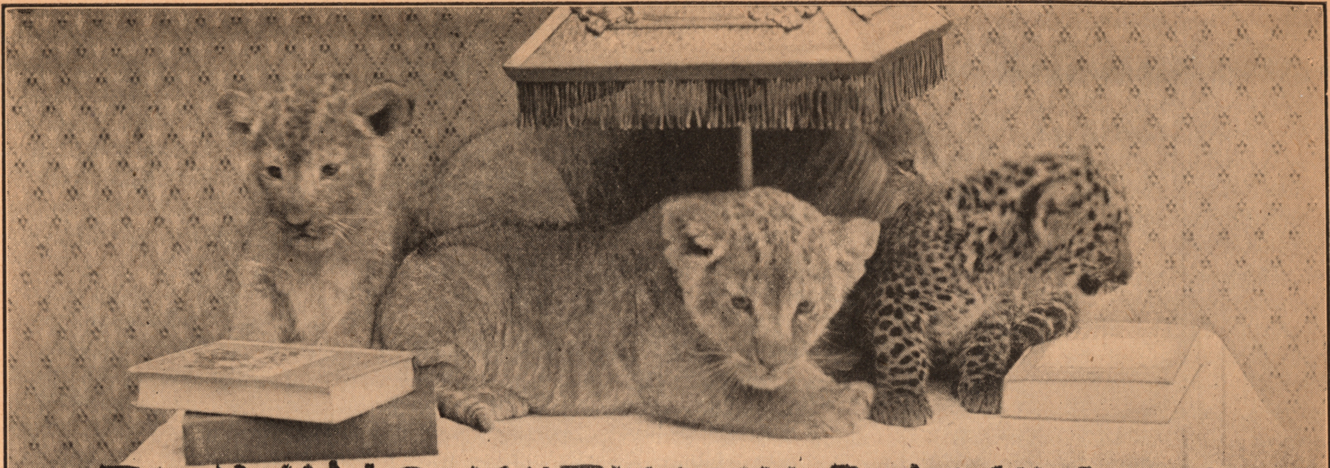
According to the many letters Anna Little is receiving, it is very clear that her many admirers are glad to see her back in Western pictures again. She achieved her first popularity in Western rôles with the old Bison Company, and there is no actress who can so thoroughly and naturally saturate a part with the true Western atmosphere as Anna.

Here is the real inwardness concerning the popular photo of Louise Glaum in which she is clad in a striking, loose-fitting Oriental costume. The photographer was at her home taking a series of pictures of Louise. He insisted on an Oriental costume so strenuously that Louise pulled down a curtain, and, with the aid of a few brass rings and a peacock fan, posed for the picture which has been seen so many times in the magazines and which so many people write and ask for.

Alan Hale, who has been with the Biograph for so long, has left that company and has been engaged by the Lasky Company to play a particularly good part in a forthcoming feature.

Richard Tucker has recovered the use of a finger which was bitten by a cobra used in the Edison feature, "The King of the Borgias." Luckily, the snake's poison sac had been removed.

The Eastern Film Corporation—local picture producers with large studios just outside of Providence—has engaged Jack Magie, the famous aviator of New England, to appear in several pictures. During preliminary scenes in the comedy entitled "The Triple Entente," Magie made a sensational flight, carrying with him Wilfred Clarke, who is assuming the leading rôle. A daring feature during the taking of the scenes for "The Triple Entente" was the flight made by Marguerite Chaffee, leading lady of the Eastern Film Corporation. Miss Chaffee, who holds many records for feats of athletic prowess, is an experienced flyer, and the sight of this young girl, as she piloted the craft through many intricate dips and turns at a dizzy height, held the spectators spellbound. "The Triple Entente" will shortly be released in local Photoplay houses and throughout the country.



PLAYING-WITH-WILD-ANIMALS

By H. H. VAN LOAN

PART II

"HOW do you attain such a wonderful mastery over the beasts you handle?" I asked the head animal trainer of the Universal Zoo.

"How do I do it?" laughed M. Bourgeois. "How can I say? I tell the lion, Wallace, to get up on that stand, and Wallace, being very obliging, gets up on the stand. That's all."

"But suppose he took it into his head not to get up on the stand, what then?"

"I do not know. He always gets up. And the lioness, Princess, I tell her to go to her corner, and that is where she goes. Sometimes she would rather not, but she goes, nevertheless. They know that I want them to do thus or so, and therefore that is what they must do. It cannot be otherwise. I will not have it. Of what use would I be as animal trainer if I said to a beast, 'do this' and he should do something else? I could not tell you how, but it is very simple, I assure you.

"Sometimes I wonder if mental science has not something to do with one's success in handling animals. I am not afraid. To me, I cannot see danger in working with them. Therefore, there is no danger for me. There are many things at which I am frightened, but animals are not among them. These dumb beasts are all very much like little children. They must be treated as children. The only way they differ is in their treachery and great strength. None are real cowards. Some cannot be coaxed. It is the feline disposition to be contrary and obstinate. Yet they can be trained to do certain things despite their natural tendency to do the opposite of what you wish them to do. They sometimes have a great love for their master if he treats them right. Others, more revengeful, never forget an injury, and show a lasting hatred for the one who hurts them. All these beasts have a wonderful instinctive power. They have only to look at a man to know if the man is good or bad. Somehow they loathe and despise a depraved man or one who drinks liquor. They always show a fondness for a person who leads a clean, upright life free from vice. Cruelty is necessary at times, of course, when they let their savage, unbridled temper have full swing. It then becomes absolutely imperative to subjugate them. If we allowed them to gain the mastery once, they would remember it and we would never again be able to control them. It is hard to say what hypnotic influence I have over them. When I want a beast to perform I tell it what to do. I walk into the cage with

Bourgeois taking Princess for a ride

Princess and tell her to do so-and-so. Princess reaches out quickly with a paw and implores me to relent. I walk toward her when I strike. Should I walk backward from her, she would follow, perhaps. It is usually the custom for a trainer to always face the beast, for they are all cats. You cannot trust them when your back is turned.

"Most animals, humans included, respect only those things which they fear. She fears me because I do not fear her, and because she cannot understand me. Fearing me, she respects me. Respecting me, she does as I ask her. Married men take note. It is very simple, but, if in your heart you are afraid of animals, do not enter a cage with them. They will know it instinctively."

As proof positive of M. Bourgeois' uncanny control over animals I will recite what took place the day after his arrival at Universal City to assume the position of head animal trainer, and which I was privileged to witness.

Princess, a huge Sumatra tiger, had long occupied a position aloof among the animals of the Zoo. Animal trainers of national reputations had tried to enter her cage and had given it up, with ugly scars to testify of their efforts. Bourgeois, on his first morning at the Zoo, stood and talked to Princess through the bars. She was in no humor to entertain company, and showed it by spitting at him. He laughed. He continued to talk and she quit spitting. A few minutes later, Wallace Kerrigan, superintendent of the ranch, raised his eyes as the door of his office opened. For an instant he sat frozen in his seat. Then he rose and swiftly moved outside.

Standing in the doorway, Kerrigan had seen Bourgeois ushering into the office Princess, the man-killing tiger! It had taken the trainer nearly half an hour to make the acquaintance of the beast, and get on friendly terms with her. Since then he has trained them to such an extent that he can take any one who wants to go, into the cage where both Wallace and Princess are kept.

Since the day Bourgeois arrived at Universal City he and Princess have been the best of friends. Hardly a day passes that he doesn't take the lioness out for a little ride around the city in his big racing car. She enjoys it, too. For the brute has discovered it is far nicer to be courteous and be treated to these little pleasure excursions than to lay in a corner of her cage and snarl when the trainers greet her. It pays from a personal viewpoint, too, for she has an idea that the piece of meat she gets these days is considerably larger than it used to be under the old régime.

Whether the others have learned the same thing from her in animal language or not, or whether they have gleaned it instinctively, we do not know, but this much is true, and that is, most of the other inhabitants of the Zoo have managed to curb their tempers since Bourgeois arrived. If you doubt it, study the pictures which accompany this article. That top piece lion is not snarling at the camera man; it's irritated by the hot rays of the sun, which were pouring into its face when the picture was taken.

One picture, entitled "The Tiger Woman," raised Bourgeois considerably in my opinion. In this picture there was one scene so realistic that it prompted me to reach for my hat and look for the nearest exit. Not being satisfied with bringing his animals right up to the very eye of the lens, and having them make angry plunges

"Pop" Lubin **Madame Melba** **Henry Ford**

(Continued on page 31)

Special Articles

Successful Scenario Writers

Beta Breuil

Beta Breuil

IT is an extraordinary achievement to have headed the editorial department of the Vitagraph Company for three and a half years. This manufacturing concern is one of the largest individual companies in the world. The output of its studios is enormous, and yet Beta Breuil (now Mrs. G. W. Van Limbrugh) met the harassing exigencies of her position with skill and ability. To keep a dozen directors supplied weekly with actable, interesting plots is a gigantic task. Mrs. Breuil did it, and did it to the satisfaction of the proprietors. Two of them keep a sharp eye on the scenario department. In fact, we have been told that Messrs. Smith and Blackton are the final judges of all accepted material. The duty of a scenario editor does not consist of sitting in an easy-chair and leisurely reading a mass of manuscripts. That branch of the work is the easiest part of it. And yet when reading, the editor must know as an absolute fact:

1—Will the story make a good picture-play?

2—Is it original, or stolen?

3—Has the same idea been used before?

4—How can it be improved?

5—What will it cost to produce it?

These and a dozen minor points must be considered, for it costs from five hundred to fifty thousand dollars to produce a play.

Mrs. Breuil had these knotty problems to conted with all the time. Then she had to supervise the work of her staff writers, whip badly constructed Photoplays into actable shape, and write Photoplays herself. She attended to all the sub-titles, which alone is the task of an expert. Occasionally she cut and trimmed film to quicken or smooth the action, and to meet the requirements of the Board of Censors. Frequently she adapted scenarios from books and standard plays. The number of her adaptations is very great, and she has had over three hundred and twenty original plays produced. Many of our readers have submitted their scripts to her judgment. Some were bought, and others returned, but Mrs. Breuil always had a kind word of encouragement for a writer who showed evidence of real talent which needed development. In a recent letter to the writer, she says in part:

"When I took over the editorial position in the Vitagraph Company, the staff consisted of myself, an assistant, and a stenographer. When I left the company, I had a staff of about thirteen people working for me, and we were all as busy as possible. The constant increase in output compelled an organization of which I was very proud. I now intend to join one of the large producing firms in order to work in closer touch with the output."

In addition to her screen work, Mrs. Breuil has a number of magazine scripts to her credit, and during the past three years she has been free-lancing, writing original plays, and adapting to order. The creative faculty in her brain was developed along excellent lines, for she was educated in private schools, in both America and Germany, and has traveled in thirteen countries. With this experience and the mental capacity of a born playwright, she was well equipped for the duties she afterward assumed. Her entire life has been made up of sudden and constant changes, and the most unusual experiences. With these factors, coupled with an insatiable love of reading, it is no wonder that her bent was for the mimic world of pantomime to express human emotions with her virile pen. She made a wonderful success of her opportunity. This result was attained by hard work, zeal, undying persistence, and a remarkable talent for Photoplay construction. Her versatility is remarkable, as she produced comedies as easily as she wrote dramas. Indeed, her plays cover a wide range of subjects, all of which she handled with equal facility.

It frequently happens that a scenario writer can do a certain kind of work best. Not so with this lady—all her productions were singularly equal in value. With the expansion of the company, she increased the number of her purchases from free-lance writers until her office became a veritable gold mine for some of the authors. That was the time of Florence Turner, Costello, Flora Finch and Bunny.

The company had a dog named Jean, around whom some of the plays were written. Mrs. Breuil was at that time buying plays in which Jean figured. A queer coincidence was that some of the writers did not know who Jean was. An author who had sent a number of plays to Mrs. Breuil, which were rejected, at last wrote a letter asking the type of plays desired. She answered that she wanted some "Jean" stories, and advised the writer to study the "Jean" releases so that he might see the type desired. She did not mention that Jean was a dog, and the poor, misguided author began to frequent picture houses looking for an actress named Jean. Oddly enough, it so happened that the writer failed to see a Jean picture, and finally gave up the hunt in disgust. It is fortunate that Beta Breuil is returning to the fold. Her fine literary work has always added dignity, grace and interest to the art of making Photoplays.

New Sweaters for Skating

By MLLE. CHIC

Dorothy Phillips — Edna Hunter — in Two Skating Costumes

SKATING clothes may be divided into two main classes, those for outdoor and those for rink wear. The first are simple and practical, the second are far more gorgeous and elaborate. Warmth without bulkiness is the requirement of the outdoor clothes. Suits of jersey wool, of the weave once called stockinette, have been lately introduced. The cut shows pretty Dorothy Phillips, who is a devotee of the new sport, in an imported skating sweater of angora wool, with collar and cuffs of the glazed kid which Paquin introduced for coats at the August opening. Skirts of the same color and material as the sweater are on sale. They are usually in flat plaits, of the kilt or the box variety, for these woven skirts are seldom cut without plaits of some sort, as they would be apt to look "skimpy." A blouse of the tailored sort is worn under such a suit, and all the accessories are in keeping. Very new is the cap of the same wool with the edge turned back all around the face, the pointed top continued into a scarf, which is thrown around the neck and falls over one shoulder, ending in a tassel. If you do not care for this, the round caps with wove pompoms pulled down over the ears are equally attractive. Often a long scarf with fringed or tasseled ends completes the costume, and there are also gauntlet gloves of wool with wide ends which are worn over the cuffs of the sleeves to keep out the cold. Even the stockings are of ribbed wool, unless a heavy silk thread is preferred.

Another new idea is the adaptation of the Canadian blanket suit to present needs. A white ground with colored stripes is a favorite choice for the half-length coat and short, straight skirt. Often the edges are fringed. For those who dislike such wooly apparel, Dorothy Phillips shows us a charming alternative. This is the sport coat of Romanese silk, with a fur collar, in this case of chinchilla-dyed squirrel. There is nothing particularly new about it except the lining, which is of fine jersey wool to make the elegant garment warm enough for such a chilly pastime. The fur bands on our summer sweaters are rather disconcerting, but fur on a winter one seems quite natural. The idea of lining thinner materials to make them warm is applied again in the suede-lined Norfolk jacket suits and fur-lined short coats which the shops are showing. Other devices to keep out the cold are found in leather waistcoats, or quilted silk affairs, or very smart effects in striped wool to wear under the coats of suits. The garments that go under the skating suits are very important. The newest things are real trousers, which in the more elaborate indoor skating suits are often edged with fur. Sometimes these bifurcated garments are like riding breeches, light at the knee. I have seen one variation of the trouser costume which struck me as being supremely ugly. This was an arrangement in khaki cloth of belted jacket and very short skirt, worn over a regular pair of male garments, cut in regulation manner, and showing at least eighteen inches below the skirt. They were even turned up at the hems!

The costumes intended for rink skating are made of anything you like, velvet, heavy silk or satin, broadcloth, duvetyn, or wool velour. They are elaborately fur trimmed, and differ little from street suits, except that the skirts are rather shorter. The range of colors is endless, but here, too, white is very popular. The blouses to be worn under them are apt to be elaborate. To meet the need of more formal clothes when one is not actually on the ice, a pretty blouse is worn with the coat and skirt. All sorts of tricks are resorted to to make the blouse look like part of the costume when the coat is removed. The tabard effect is often adopted.

Suspense and Heart-Interest

By a Scenario Editor

THE master craftsman invariably plans before he executes. If an architect, he plans all on paper and has a perfect design of what he intends to erect before a spade is struck into the foundation.

The scenario writer, aiming at mastership, plans his creation in every detail before he undertakes to type it. Starting with the foundation idea he has broadly sketched his plot, arranging his scenes as they occur, then remodels, studies, and so proceeds to a finish.

His knowledge of technique enables him to get the very best out of every scene and situation. Flash-backs, close-ups, visions, leaders and cut-ins (dialogues, etc.) are his materials for achieving the most artistic effects, combined with light effects and other mechanical aids.

It means study, thought, and hard work; but then nothing worth while is ever achieved without this. The writer, in starting out, knows what is before him—knows the end in view; that by concentration he can accomplish what he wants, and the reward repays the hardest striving and study.

Games are played on account of the uncertainty of the outcome of the element of chance. The interest of the player centers in himself, in his keenness and ability to overcome any odds against him and win.

All life is a matter of suspense and hazard; we march along daily, boldly and confidently, but, subconsciously, we acknowledge an uncertainty in the issue and in moments of reflection at times ponder over the outcome and query the future.

The writer, then, in plotting his stories, should contrive to so arrange his action that the spectator, while easily following the plot, is kept in suspense as to the finale.

The story that might be told to the "—and they lived happy forever after," can just as well be constructed with an element of doubt and suspense, so that the spectator is in doubt until the end if they are to "live happy forever after."

We are getting fast away from conventional endings, in the Photoplay, and from the stilted and narrow restrictions of the old dramatic constructions.

The Moving Picture offers an entire new form of expression and, better than any other medium, it enables the photoplaywright to "hold the mirror up to nature" and to show life as it really is.

We are being educated to the point where we can look upon life as it really is and do not have to have our fiction, drama or Photoplay sugar-coated to make it palatable—as in the days of our grandmothers.

Not alone does showing life make for a more virile story, but spectators are beginning to look for such plots and like them. People are acquiring an appetite for realism, which, after all, is the true mission of the Moving Picture to depict.

All this makes for more latitude for the writer in plotting—in sustaining suspense, in maintaining action. Instead of being confined to a limited number of conventional moves, as in dramatic construction, the photoplaywright has an unbounded field to range in—and may create as fancy dictates.

In creating suspense it does not mean that we must puzzle or confuse the spectator. Suspense lies in this: Will the innocent man be convicted? Will the guilty escape? Will the lovers be reunited? etc.

A young husband and father has been arrested for a crime which he has not committed. The evidence is all against him. The spectator knows that he is innocent—but, can he clear himself? The distracted wife, who recognized the real culprit, has sought far and wide to find him. The day of trial is at hand.

The husband's case seems hopeless. The distracted wife sits helpless, waiting the verdict that shall consign her loved one to a long term in prison.

But here is where supense is at its highest; where the unexpected happens —as it so often does in real life. The guilty man—deeming himself safe—lured by that fatal instinct that leads criminals to the scene of their crime—that fascination that draws them within the danger zone—has attended the trial.

Fearful, toward the last, he tries to sneak from the court, but that action is his undoing. The judge, rapping, calls attention to him and, all eyes upon him, the wife screams and accuses him, and the whole action changes at once. A confession, and the end.

Therein also is heart-interest. The response of the heart to the suffering of the wife and husband. Here is visualized distress that can be seen and realized.

Singular, this matter of human sympathy. We sometimes pride ourselves that we must be very stoical and indifferent to all that does not concern us directly as we pass through the world, yet, underlying all this and superior to our pretense is that substratum of humanity where "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Here is a fruitful field for the scenario writer to explore. It leads to many unexpected outlets that present new views and angles of life. Witness the man who, bent on killing an enemy, was converted to a friend when he heard the man he had come to kill, on his knees, praying for him.

Heart-interest cannot be subdued. We are never masters of our emotions. The tear will rise unbidden at something that touches the heart. The roughest of men will surrender to a prattling babe.

It is told that in the "days of '49" a gold seeker crossing the plains came upon a camp of miners who, gathered about his wagon, requested him to let them see his wife and baby.

At first a bit alarmed, he soon realized that it was a very natural desire—the men not having seen a woman's or baby's face for months.

The woman was reassured, the baby smiled and prattled, the heart hunger of the men was satisfied, and the baby's lap was heaped with gold-dust. The gold seeker, with replenished supplies and water, resumed his journey a happier man, with renewed faith in his fellow men.

While suspense and heart-interest are of prime importance they must be so interwoven with action that they never drag or falter. Now there must be no scenes that are too prolonged;

(Continued on page 32)

Playing With Wild Animals

(Continued from page 27)

at the audience, he has a big, beautiful Bengal tiger leap into the water after him, and the two pretended to go through a terrible battle in the water! I will vouch for the statement that nothing similar had ever been seen before in Moving Pictures. The audience sat spellbound, and I must admit that as I left the theater I wondered what hypnotic power a man could have over a wild beast of the jungle that would return him to terra firma intact after such an exciting experience. However, my curiosity was not aroused to the point where I would care to attempt it for the benefit of the knowledge I might gain therefrom.

Another favorite stunt of Bourgeois is taking bones and meat from hungry beasts after they have started to eat, and then make them beg for it. No man has ever done that before and lived a moment afterward. But probably his greatest enjoyment is sneaking up quietly behind a big Sumatra tiger, on a day when the beast is most irritated, and pinching its ears.

I should imagine he has considerable difficulty in obtaining his actors—human ones—for his pictures, for in the picture "When Joe Martin Turns 'Em Loose" I saw lions wrestling with some of the human actors; tigers chasing others and tripping them up on stairways, only to see both men and

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The Actress on the Cover

RUTH STONEHOUSE is a wonderfully interesting little actress.

Though not yet twenty years old, she plays leads, and, truth to state, does not even look her age. In "Temper," for instance, she played the part of a schoolgirl, and fitted into the little school desk-seat as well as when she was a child.

"The Colorado Girl" Miss Stonehouse is called, because she lived in Victor, Colo., where her father is an expert in mining operations. The remarkable grace of Miss Stonehouse is due to her being a dancer—professional at that. Her ability in this art makes her adept for many rôles for which otherwise she would not be eligible.

It is a pleasure to see Miss Stonehouse in pictures, and a pleasure equally great to meet her out of them. She is pretty and vivacious, and is enthusiastic about her work. While she is not usually cast for "stunts," her courage has been put to the test on a number of occasions. In one picture she was required to take a daring leap. Trapped in her room, she is forced to jump from her window and, although a fire net was held for her, it was a perilous height, and few women would have the courage to attempt it. Miss Stonehouse hesitated not an instant, and, with actual flames at her back, leaped to the net below. She was considerably jarred by the fall, but not seriously hurt. Courage is one of Miss Stonehouse's qualities outside of the pictures, too, for she is a fearless driver of one of the fastest autos in Chicago—her ninety horsepower blue-and-white car. She also has a racing motorboat in which she skims over the lake whenever she is not busy in Essanay Photoplays, on those days when the weather makes a lake the pleasantest place to be.

Miss Stonehouse has a famous smile, and around this was written and produced a play. The title is "When My Lady Smiles," and it illustrates the cheering effect of an optimist, especially a pretty girl with a sweet smile. It is said that when the play was planned, Miss Stonehouse was rehearsing smiles for a week.

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Scenario Hints

(Continued from page 30)

the action should start briskly and be maintained evenly, smoothly, to the climax. It can be done if gone at in a craftsmanlike manner.

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Our next article will be "The New Twists."

Playing With Wild Animals

(Continued from page 31)

tigers go rolling down together, locked in each other's embrace. How Bourgeois is able to do this and not devastate his cast is a problem I have not been able to fathom.

His pictures are the most remarkable ever taken—remarkable in that at the end of the pictures those who take part in them are able to return to their dressing-rooms. One gets a semi-idea of the pleasantness which would pervade the very soul if the jungle went mad. Can a jungle go mad? Oh, yes. To get a tiger real sore, according to Bourgeois, one must get a hatpin and jab him in the ribs a couple of times, or, in case your nerves will permit you to enjoy greater excitement, creep up behind a lion and pick the pimple on his left ear. If there's anything that gets a lion real sore, it is to have the pimple on his left ear picked. Has he a pimple on his left ear? He most certainly has. If you doubt this truth go and see for yourself. If you want absolute proof ask Melba, Henry Ford or Sigmund Lubin, for, in the pictures you will note they are seeing for themselves. They were recent visitors at the Zoo and each one showed their courage by being photographed fondling an unmuzzled 42-centimeter gun of the genus Leo.

(To be continued)

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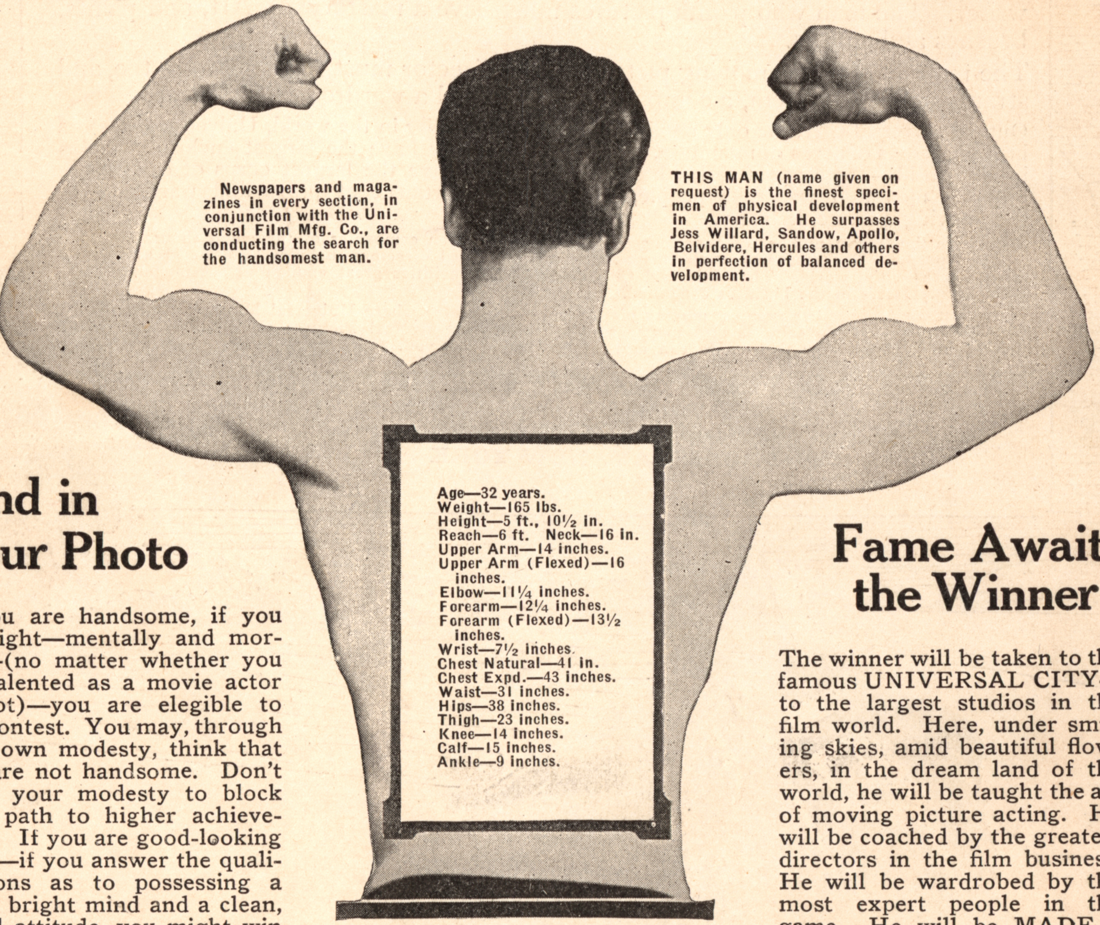

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